

THE
Tragicall Historie of
HAMLET,
Prince of Denmarke.

By William Shakespeare.

Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much
again as it was, according to the true and perfect
Coppie.



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The Tragedie of
H A M L E T
Prince of Denmarke.

Enter Barnardo, and Francisco, two Centinels.

Bar. **VV** Huse there?
Fran. Nay answer me. Stand and vnfolde your selfe.
Bar. Long liue the King,
Fran. *Barnardo.*

Bar. Hee.

Fran. You come most carefully vpon your houre,

Bar. Tis now strooke twelfe, get thee to bed *Francisco,*

Fran. For this reliefe much thanks, tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at hart.

Bar. Haue you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Bar. Well, good night:

If you doe meete *Horatio* and *Marcellus*,
The riuals of my watch, bid them make hast.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Fran. I thinke I heare them, stand ho, who is there?

Hora. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And Leedgemen to the Dane,

Fran. Giue you good night.

Mar. O, farwell honest souldiers, who hath relieu'd you?

Fran. *Barnardo* hath my place; giue you good night.

Exit Fran.

B.

Mar.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Mar. Holla, *Barnardo*.

Bar. Say, what is *Horatio* there?

Hora. A peece of him.

Bar. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*,

Hora. What, ha's this thing appeard againe to night?

Bar. I haue seene nothing.

Mar. *Horatio* saies tis but our fantasie,
And will not let beliefe take holde of him,
Touching this dreaded sight twice seene of vs,
Therefore I haue intreated him along,
With vs to watch the minuts of this night,
That if againe this apparision come,
He may approoue our eyes and speake to it.

Hora. Tush, tush, it will not appeare.

Bar. Sit downe a while,
And let vs once againe assaile your eares,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we haue two nights seene.

Hora. Well, sit we downe,
And let vs heare *Barnardo* speake of this.

Bar. Last night of all,
When yond same starre thats weastward from the pole,
Had made his course illumine that part of heauen
Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my selfe
The bell then beating one.

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Peace, breake thee of, lookewhere it comes againe.

Bar. In the same figure like the King thats dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholler, speake to it *Horatio*.

Bar. Lookes a not like the King? marke it *Horatio*.

Hora. Most like, it horrowes me with feare and wonder.

Bar. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Speake to it *Horatio*.

Hora. What art thou that vsurpst this time of night,
Together with that faire and warlike forme,
In which the Maestie of buried Denmarke
Did sometimes march, by heauen I charge thee speake.

Mar. It is offended.

Bar. See it staukes away.

Hora.

Prince of Denmarke.

Hor. Stay, speake, speake, I charge thee speake. *Exit Ghost.*

Mar. Tis gone and will not answere.

Bar. How now *Horatio*, you tremble and looke pale.
Is not this somthing more then phantasie?
What thinke you-ont?

Hor. Before my God I might not this belieue,
Without the sencible and true auouch
Of mine owne eies.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thy selfe.
Such was the very Armor he had on,
When he the ambitious *Norway* combated,
So frownd he once, when in an angry parle
He smot the fleaded pollax on the ice.
Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and iump at this dead houre,
With martiall stauke hath he gone by our watch.

Hor. In what perticular thought, to worke I know not,
But in the grosse and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now sit downe, and tell me he that knowes,
Why this same strikt and most obseruant watch
So nightly toiles the subiect of the land,
And with such dayly cost of brazon Cannon
And forraine marte, for implements of warre,
Why such impresse of ship-writes, whose sore taske
Does not deuide the Sunday from the weeke,
What might be toward that this sweaty hast
Doth make the night ioynt labourer with the day,
Who ist that can informe mee?

Hor. That can I.

At least the whisper goes so; our last King,
Whose image euen but now appear'd to vs,
Was as you knowe by *Fortinbrasse* of *Norway*,
Thereto prickt on by a most emulate pride
Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant *Hamlet*,
(For so this side of our knowne world esteemd him)
Did slay this *Forinbrasse*, who by a seald compact
Weil ratified by lawe and heraldy

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Did forfait (with his life) all these his lands
Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conquerour.
Against the which a moitie competent
Was gaged by our King, which had returne
To the inheritance of *Fortinbrasse*,
Had he bin vanquisher; as by the same comarr,
And carriage of the article desseigne,
His fell to Hamlet; now Sir, young *Fortinbrasse*
Of vnimprooued mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of *Norway* heere and there
Sharkt vp a list of lawelesse resolute
For foode and diet to some enterprife
That hath a stomacke in't, which is no other
As it doth well appeare vnto our state
But to recouer of vs by strong hand
And tearmes compulsatory, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost; and this I take it,
Is the maine motiue of our preparations
The source of this our watch, and the chiefe head
Of this post hast and Romeage in the land.

Bar. I thinke it be no other, but enso;
Well may it sort that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch so like the King
That was and is the question of these warres.

Hora. A moth it is to trouble the mindes eye:
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest *Iulius* fell
The graues stood tennatlesse, and the sheeted dead
Did squeake and gibber in the Roman streets
As starres with traines of fier, and dewes of blood
Disasters in the sunne; and the moist starre,
Vpon whose influence *Neptunes* Empier stands,
Was sicke almost to doomesday with eclipse.
And euen the like precurse of feare euent
As harbindgers preceeding still the fates
And prologue to the *Omen* comming on
Haue heauen and earth together demonstrated
Vnto our Climates and countrymen.

Enter Ghost.

Prince of Denmarke.

But soft, behold, loe where it comes againe
Ile crosse it though it blast mee : stay illusion,
If thou hast any sound or vse of voyce,
Speake to me, if there be any good thing to be done
That may to thee doe ease, and grace to mee,
Speake to me.

*It spreads
his armes.*

If thou art priuie to thy countries fate
Which happily foreknowing may auoyd
O speake :

Or if thou hast vphoorded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the wombe of earth
For which they say your spirits oft walke in death.
Speake of it, stay and speake, stop it *Marcellus.*

*The cocke
crows.*

Mar. Shall I strike it with my partizan?

Hor. Doe if it will not stand.

Bar. Tis heere.

Hor. Tis heere.

Mar. Tis gone.

We doe it wrong being so Maiestlicall
To offer it the shoue of violence,
For it is as the ayre, invulnerable,
And our vaine blowes malicious mockery.

Bar. It was about to speake when the cock crewe.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing,
Vpon a fearefull summons ; I haue heard,
The Cock that is the trumpet to the morne,
Doth with his lofty and shrill sounding throat
Awake the God of day, and at his warning
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or ayre
Th'extrauagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine, and of the truth heerein
This present obiekt made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cock.
Some say that euer gainst that season comes
Wherein our Sauours birth is celebrated
This bird of dawning singeth all night long,
And then they say no spirit dare sturre abraode
The nights are wholesome, then no plannets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charme

The Tragedie of Hamlet

So hallowed, and so gracious is that time.

Hor. So haue I heard and doe in part belieue it,
But looke the morne in russet mantle clad
Walkes ore the dewe of yon high Eastward hill
Breake we our watch vp and by my aduise
Let vs impart what we haue seene to night
Vnto young *Hamlet*, for vppon my life
This spirit dumb to vs, will speake to him:
Doe you consent we shall acquaint him with it
As needfull in our loues, fitting our duty.

Mar. Lets doo't I pray, and I this morning knowe
Where we shall find him most conuenient.

Exeunt.

Florisb. Enter *Claudius*, King of Denmarke, *Gertrude* the Queene,
Counsaile: as *Polonius*, and his Sonne *Laertes*,
Hamlet, *Cum Alijs.*

Claud. Though yet of *Hamlet* our deare brothers death
The memorie be greene, and that it vs befitted
To beare our harts in griefe, and our whole Kingdome,
To be contracted in one browe of woe
Yet so farre hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrowe thinke on him
Together with remembrance of our selues:
Therefore our sometime Sister, now our Queene
Th'imperiall ioyntresse to this warlike state
Haue we as twere with a defeated ioy
With an auspicious, and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funerall, and with dirdge in marriage,
In equall scale waighing delight and dole
Taken to wife: nor haue we heerein bard
Your better wisdomes, which haue freely gone
With this affaire along (for all our thanks)
Now followes that you knowe young *Fortinbrasse*,
Holding a weake supposall of our worth
Or thinking by our late deare brothers death
Our state to be disioynt, and out of frame
Coleagued with this dreame of his aduantage
He hath not faild to pestur vs with message

Importing

Prince of Denmarke.

Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bands of lawe
To our most valiant brother, so much for him :
Now for our selfe, and for this time of meeting,
Thus much the busines is, we haue heere writ
To *Norway* Vncle of young *Fortenbrasse*
Who impotent and bedred scarcely heeres
Of this his Nephewes purpose; to suppress
His further gate heerein, in that the leuies,
The lists, and full proportions are all made
Out of his subiect, and we heere dispatch
You good *Cornelius*, and you *Valtemand*,
For bearers of this greeting to old *Norway*,
Giuing to you no further personall power
To busines with the King, more then the scope
Of these delated articles allowe :
Farwell, and let your hast commend your dutie.

Cor. Vo. In that, and all things will we shoue our dutie.

King. We doubt it nothing, hartely farwell.

And now *Laertes* whats the newes with you ?

You told vs of some sute, what ist *Laertes* ?

You cannot speake of reason to the Dane

And lose your voyce; what wold'st thou begge *Laertes* ?

That shall not be my offer, not thy asking,

The head is not more natie to the hart

The hand more instrumentall to the mouth

Then is the throne of Denmarke to thy father,

What would'st thou haue *Laertes* ?

Lacr. My dread Lord,

Your leaue and fauour to returne to Fraunce,

From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke,

To shoue my dutie in your Coronation;

Yet now I must confesse, that duty done

My thoughts and wishes bend againe toward Fraunce

And bowe them to your gracious leaue and pardon.

King. Haue you your fathers leaue, what saies *Polonius* ?

Polo. Hath my Lord wroung from me my slowe leaue

By laboursome petition, and at last

Vpon his will I seald my hard consent,

The Tragedie of Hamlet

I doe beseech you giue him leaue to goe.

King. Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine
And thy best graces spend it at thy will :
But now my Cofin *Hamlet*, and my sonne.

Ham. A little more then kin, and lesse then kind.

King. How is it that the clowdes still hang on you.

Ham. Not so much my Lord, I am too much in the sonne.

Queene. Good *Hamlet* cast thy nighted colour off
And let thine eye looke like a friend on *Denmarke*,
Doe not for euer with thy vailed lids
Seeke for thy noble Father in the dust,
Thou know'st tis common all that liues must die,
Passing through nature to eternitie.

Ham. I Maddam, it is common.

Quee. If it be
VVhy seemes it so perticuler with thee.

Ham. Seemes Maddam, nay it is, I know not seemes,
Tis not alone my incky cloake coold mother
Nor customary suites of solembe blacke
Nor windie suspiration of forst breath
No, nor the fruitfull riuer in the eye,
Nor the deiected hauior of the visage
Together with all formes, moods, chapes of griefe
That can deuote me truely, these indeede seeme,
For they are actions that a man might play
But I haue that within which passes shoue
These but the trappings and the suites of woe.

King. Tis sweete and commendable in your nature *Hamlet*,
To giue these mourning duties to your father
But you must knowe your father lost a father,
That father lost, lost his, and the suruiuer bound
In filliall obligation for some tearme
To doe obsequious sorrowe, but to perseuer
In obstinate condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornnes, tis vnmanly griefe,
It shoues a will most incorrect to heauen
A hart vnfortified, or minde impatient
An vnderstanding simple and vnschoold
For what we knowe must be, and is as common

Prince of Denmarke.

As any the most vulgar thing to sence,
Why should we in our peuisish opposition
Take it to hart, fie, tis a fault to heauen,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd, whose common theame
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cryed
From the first course, till he that died to day
This must be so : we pray you throw to earth
This vnpreuailing woe, and thinke of vs
As of a father, for let the world take note
You are the most imediate to our throne,
And with no lesse nobilitie of loue
Then that which dearest father beares his sonne,
Doe I impart toward you for your intent
In going back to schoole in *Wittenberg*,
It is most retrogard to our desire,
And we beseech you bend you to remaine
Heere in the cheare and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cosin, and our sonne.

Quee. Let not thy mother loose her prayers *Hamlet*,
I pray thee stay with vs, goe not to *Wittenberg*.

Ham. I shall in all my best obay you Madam.

King. Why tis a louing and a faire reply,
Be as our selfe in Denmarke, Madam come,
This gentle and vnforc'd accord of *Hamlet*;
Sits smiling to my hart, in grace whereof,
No iocond health that Denmarke drinkes to day,
But the great Cannon to the cloudes shall tell.
And the Kings rowse the heauen shall brute againe,
Respeaking earthly thunder; come away. *Florish.*

Ham. O that this too too sallied flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolue it selfe into a dewe,
Or that the euerlasting had not fixt
His cannon gainst seale slaughter, ô God, God,
How wary, stale, flat, and vnprofitable
Seeme to me all the vses of this world?
Fie on't, ah fie, tis an vnweeded garden
That growes to seede, things rancke and grosse in nature,
Possesse it meereely that it should come thus

*Exeunt all,
but Hamlet.*

The Tragedie of Hamlet

But two months dead, nay not so much, not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this
Hyperion to a satyre, so louing to my mother,
That he might not beteeme the winds of heauen
Visite her face too roughly, heauen and earth
Must I remember, why she should hang on him
As if increase of appetite had growne
By what it fed on, and yet within a month,
Let me not thinke on't; frailty thy name is woman
A little month or ere those shooes were old
With which she followed my poore fathers bodie
Like *Niobe* all teares, why she
O God, a beast that wants discourse of reason
Would haue mourn'd longer, married with my Vncle,
My fathers brother, but no more like my father
Then I to *Hercules*, within a month,
Ere yet the salt of most vnrighteous teares,
Had left the flushing in her gauled eyes
She married, ô most wicked speede; to post
With such dexteritie to incestuous sheets,
It is not, nor it cannot come to good,
But breake my hart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.

Hora. Haile to your Lordship.

Ham. I am glad to see you well; *Horatio*, or I do forger my selfe.

Hora. The same my Lord, and your poore seruant euer.

Ham. Sir my good friend, Ile change that name with you,
And what make you from *Wittenberg* *Horatio*?

Marcellus.

Mar. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to see you, (good euen sir)
But what in faith make you from *Wittenberg*?

Hora. A truant disposition good my Lord.

Ham. I would not heare your enimie say so,
Nor shall you doe my eare that violence
To make it truster of your owne report
Against your selfe, I knowe you are no truant,
But what is your affaire in *Elsonoure*?
Weele teach you for to drinke ere you depart.

Hora.

Prince of Denmarke.

Hora. My Lord, I came to see your fathers funerall.

Ham. I pre thee doe not mocke me fellowe student,
I thinke it was to my mothers wedding.

Hora. Indeede my Lord it followed hard vppon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*, the funerall bak't meates
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables,
Would I had met my dearest foe in heauen
Or euer I had seene that day *Horatio*,
My father, me thinkes I see my father.

Hora. Where my Lord?

Ham. In my mindes eye *Horatio*.

Hora. I saw him once, a was a goodly King.

Ham. A was a man take him for all in all
I shall not looke vppon his like againe.

Hora. My Lord I thinke I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw, who?

Hora. My Lord the King your father.

Ham. The King my father?

Hora. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent eare till I may deliuer
Vppon the witnes of these gentlemen
This maruile to you.

Ham. For Gods loue let me heare?

Hora. Two nights together had these gentlemen
Marcellus, and *Barnardo*, on their watch
In the dead wast and middle of the night
Beene thus incountred, a figure like your father
Armed at poynt, exactly *Capapea*
Appeares before them, and with solemne march,
Goes slowe and stately by them; thrice he walkt
By their opprest and feare surprised eyes
Within his tronchions length, whil'st they distil'd
Almost to gelly, with the act of feare
Stand dumbe and speake not to him; this to me
In dreadfull secrecie impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Whereas they had deliuered both in time
Forme of the thing, each word made true and good,
The Apparition comes: I knewe your father,

The Tragedie of Hamlet

These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My Lord vppon the platforme where we watch.

Ham. Did you not speake to it?

Hora. My Lord I did,

But answere made it none, yet once me thought

It lifted vp it head, and did addresse

It selfe to motion like as it would speake :

But euen then the morning Cock crewe loude,

And at the sound it shrunk in hast away

And vanisht from our sight.

Ham. Tis very strange.

Hora. As I doe liue my honor'd Lord tis true

And we did thinke it writ downe in our dutie

To let you knowe of it.

Ham. Indeede Sirs but this troubles me,

Hold you the watch to night?

All. We doe my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd say you?

All. Arm'd my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. My Lord from head to foote.

Ham. Then sawe you not his face.

Hora. O yes my Lord, he wore his beauer vp.

Ham. What look't he frowningly?

Hora. A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hora. Nay very pale.

Ham. And fixt his eyes vpon you?

Hora. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had beene there.

Hora. It would haue much a maz'd you.

Ham. Very like, stayd it long?

Hora. While one with moderate hast might tell a hundreth.

Both. Longer, longer.

Hora. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His beard was grisl'd, no.

Hora. It was as I haue seene it in his life
A sable filuer'd.

Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. I will watch to night
Perchaunce twill walke againe.

Hora. I warn't it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble fathers person,
Ile speake to it though hell it selfe should gape
And bid me hold my peace; I pray you all
If you haue hetherto conceald this fight
Let it be tenable in your silence still,
And what someuer els shall hap to night,
Giue it an vnderstanding but no tongue,
I will requite your loues, so farre you well:
Vppon the platforme twixt a leauen and twelfe
Ile visite you.

All. Our dutie to your honor. *Exeunt.*

Ham. Your loues, as mine to you, farwell.
My fathers spirit (in armes) all is not well,
I doubt some foule play, would the night were come,
Till then sit still my soule, sonde deedes will rise
Though all the earth ore-whelme them to mens eyes. *Exit.*

Enter Laertes, and Opheliabhis Sister.

Lacr. My necessaries are inbarckt, farwell,
And sister, as the winds giue benefit
And conuay, in assistant doe not sleepe
But let me heere from you.

Ophe. Doe you doubt that?

Lacr. For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his fauour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood
A Violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweete, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute
No more.

Ophe. No more but so.

Lacr. Thinke it no more.

For nature cressant does not growe alone
In thewes and bulkes, but as this temple waxes
The inward seruice of the minde and soule
Growes wide withall, perhapes he loues you now,
And now no soyle nor cautell doth besmirch
The vertue of his will, but you must feare,

The Tragedie of Hamlet

His greatnes wayd, his will is not his owne,
He may not as vnuaiewed persons doe,
Carue for himselfe, for on his choise depends
The safty and health of this whole state,
And therefore must his choise be circumscribd
Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that body
Whereof he is the head, then if he saies he loues you,
It fits your wisdome so farre to belieue it.
As he in his particuler act and place
May giue his saying deede, which is no further
Then the maine voyce of Denmarke goes withall.
Then way what losse your honor may sustaine
If with too credent eare you list his songs
Or loose your hart, or your chaste treasure open
To his vnmaistred importunity.
Feare it *Ophelia*, feare it my deare sister,
And keepe you in the reare of your affection
Out of the shot and danger of desire,
“ The chariest maide is prodigall inough
If she vnmaske her butie to the Moone
“ Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious strokes
“ The canker gaules the infants of the spring
Too oft before their buttons be disclof’d,
And in the morne and liquid dewe of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent,
Bewary then, best safety lies in feare,
Youth to it selfe rebels, though non els neare.

Ophe. I shall the effect of this good lesson keepe
As watchman to my hart, but good my brother
Doe not as some vngracious pastors doe,
Showe me the step and thorny way to heauen
Whiles a puffed, and reckles libertine
Himselfe the primrose path of dalliance treads.
And reakes not his owne reed.

Enter Polonius.

Laer. O feare me not,
I stay too long, but heere my father comes
A double blessing, is a double grace,
Occasion smiles vpon a second leaue.

Pol. Yet heere *Laertes*? a bord, a bord for shame,

Prince of Denmarke.

The wind sits in the shoulder of your saile,
And you are stayd for, there my blessing with thee.
And these few precepts in thy memory
Looke thou character, give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any vnproportion'd thought his act,
Be thou familer, but by no meanes vulgar,
Those friends thou hast, and their a doption tried,
Grapple them vnto thy soule with hoopes of steele,
But doe not dull thy palme with entertainment
Of each new hatcht vn fledgd courage, beware
Of entrance to a quarrell, but being in,
Bear't that th'opposed may beware of thee,
Giue euery man thy eare, but fewe thy voyce,
Take each mans censure, but reserue thy iudgement,
Costly thy habite as thy purse can by,
But not exprest in fancy; rich not gaudy,
For the apparrell oft proclaimes the man
And they in Fraunce of the best ranck and station,
Or of a most select and generous, chiefe in that:
Neither a borrower nor a lender boy,
For loue oft looses both it selfe, and friend,
And borrowing dulleth edge of husbandry;
This aboue all, to thine owne selfe be true
And it must followe as the night the day
Thou canst not then be false to any man:
Farwell, my blessing season this in thee.

Laer. Most humbly doe I take my leaue my Lord.

Pol. The time inuests you goe, your seruants tend.

Laer. Farwell *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I haue sayd to you.

Ophe. Tis in my memory lockt
And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it.

Laer. Farwell.

Exit Laertes.

Pol. What ist *Ophelia* he hath sayd to you?

Ophe. So please you, something touching the Lord *Hamlet*,

Pol. Marry well bethought
Tis tolde me he hath very oft of late
Giuen priuate time to you, and you your selfe
Haue of your audience beene most free and bountious,

The Tragedie of Hamlet

If it be so, as so tis put on me,
And that in way of caution, I must tell you,
You doe not vnderstand your selfe so cleerely
As it behooues my daughter, and your honor,
What is betweene you giue me vp the truth,

Oph. He hath my Lord of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection, puh, you speake like a greene girle
Vnsifted in such perrilous circumstance,
Doe you belieue his tenders as you call them?

Oph. I doe not knowe my Lord what I should thinke.

Pol. Marry I will teach you, thinke your selfe a babie
That you haue tane these tenders for true pay
Which are not sterling, tender your selfe more dearely
Or (not to crack the winde of the poore phrase
Wrong it thus) you'l tender me a foole.

Oph. My Lord he hath importun'd me with loue
In honorable fashion.

Pol. I, fashion you may call it, go to, go to.

Oph. And hath giuen countenance to his speech
My Lord, with almost all the holy vowes of heauen.

Pol. I, springs to catch wood-cockes, I doe knowe
When the blood burnes, how prodigall the soule
Lends the tongue vowes, these blazes daughter
Giuing more light then heate, extinct in both
Euen in their promise, as it is a making
You must not take for fire, from this time
Be something scanter of your maiden presence
Set your intreatments at a higher rate
Then a commaund to parle; for Lord Hamlet,
Belieue so much in him that he is young,
And with a larger tider may he walke.
Then may be giuen you: in fewe *Ophelia*,
Doe not belieue his vowes, for they are brokers
Not of that die which their inuestments shewe
But meere implorators of vnholly suites
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds
The better to beguide: this is for all,
I would not in plaine tearmes from this time forth

Prince of Denmarke.

Haue you so flaunder any moment leasure
As to giue words or talke with the Lord Hamlet,
Looke too't I charge you, come your wayes.

Ophe. I shall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio and Marcellus.

Ham. The ayre bites shroudly, it is very colde.

Horat. It is nipping, and an eager ayre.

Ham. What houre now?

Horat. I thinke it lackes of twelfe.

Mar. No, it is strooke.

Horat. Indeede; I heard it not, it then drawes neere the season,
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walke *A florish of trumpets*
What does this meane my Lord? *and 2. peeces goes of.*

Ham. The King doth wake to night and takes his rowse.
Keepes wassell and the swagring vp-spring reeles:
And as he draines his drafts of Rennish downe,
The kettle drumme, and trumpet, thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Horat. Is it a custome?

Ham. I marry ist,
But to my minde, though I am natiue heere
And to the manner borne, it is a custome
More honourd in the breach, then the obseruance.
This heauy headed reueale east and west
Makes vs tradust, and taxed of other nations,
They clip vs drunkards, and with Swinish phrase
Soyle our addition, and indeede it takes
From our atchieuements, though perform'd at height
The pith and marrow of our attribute,
So oft it chaunces in particuler men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them
As in their birth wherein they are not guilty,
(Since nature cannot choose his origin)
By their ore-grow'th of some complexion
Oft breaking downe the pales and forts of reason,
Or by some habit, that too much ore-leauens
The forme of plausiue manners, that these men
Carrying I say the stamp of one defect

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Being Natures livery, or Fortunes starre,
His vertues els be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may vndergoe,
Shall in the generall censure take corruption
From that particuler fault: the dram of eale
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his owne scandle.

Enter Ghost.

Hora. Looke my Lord it comes.

Ham. Angels and Ministers of grace defend vs:
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee ayres from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speake to thee, Ile call thee *Hamlet*,
King, father, royall Dane, ô answere mee,
Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones hearsed in death
Haue burst their cerements? why the Sepulcher,
Wherein we saw thee quietly interr'd
Hath op't his ponderous and marble iawes,
To cast thee vp againe? what may this meane
That thou dead corse, againe in compleat Steele
Reuisites thus the glimfes of the Moone,
Making night hideous, and we fooles of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our soules,
Say why is this, wherefore, what should we doe?

Beckins.

Hora. It beckins you to goe away with it
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Looke with what curteous action
It waues you to a more remooued ground,
But doe not goe with it.

Hora. No, by no meanes.

Ham. It will not speake, then I will followe it.

Hora. Doe not my Lord.

Ham. Why what should be the feare,
I doe not set my life at a pinnes fee,

And

Prince of Denmarke.

And for my soule, what can it doe to that
Being a thing immortall as it selfe;
It waues me forth againe, Ile followe it.

Hora. What if it tempt you toward the flood my Lord,
Or to the dreadfull somner of the cleefe
That bettles ore his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible forme
Which might depriue your soueraigntie of reason;
And draw you into madnes, thinke of it,
The very place puts toyes of desperation
Without more motiue, into euery braine
That lockes so many fadoms to the sea
And heares it rore beneath.

Ham. It waues me still,
Goe on, Ile followe thee.

Mar. You shall not goe my Lord.

Ham. Hold of your hands.

Hora. Be rul'd, you shall not goe.

Ham. My fate cries out
And makes each petty arture in this body
As hardy as the Nemeon Lyons nerue;
Still am I cald, vnhand me Gentlemen
By heauen Ile make a ghost of him that lets me,
I say away, goe on, Ile followe thee.

Exit Ghost and Hamlet.

Hora. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Lets followe, tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hora. Haue after, to what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmarke.

Hora. Heauen will direct it.

Mar. Nay lets follow him.

Exeunt.

Enter Ghost, and Hamlet.

Ham. Whether wilt thou leade me, speake, Ile goe no further.

Ghost. Marke me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My houre is almost come
When I to sulphrus and tormenting flames
Must render vp my selfe.

Ham. Alas poore Ghost.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ghost. Pitty me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall vnfold.

Ham. Speake, I am bound to heare.

Ghost. So art thou to reuenge, when thou shalt heare.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy fathers spirit,
Doomd for a certaine tearme to walke the night,
And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away: but that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison house,
I could a tale vnfolde whose lightest word
Would harrow vp thy soule, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particuler haire to stand an end,
Like quills vpon the fearefull Porpentine,
But this eternall blazon must not be
To eares of flesh and blood, list, list, ô list:
If thou did'st euer thy deare father loue.

Ham. O God.

Ghost. Reuenge his foule, and most vnnaturall murther.

Ham. Murther.

Ghost. Murther most foule, as in the best it is,
But this most foule, strange and vnnaturall.

Ham. Hast me to know'r, that I with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of loue
May sweepe to my reuenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt,
And duller shouldst thou be then the fat weede
That rootes it selfe in ease on *Lethe* wharffe,
Would'st thou not sturre in this; now *Hamlet* heare,
Tis giuen out, that sleeping in my Orchard,
A Serpent stung me, so the whole eare of Denmarke
Is by a forged processe of my death
Ranckely abusde: but knowe thou noble Youth,
The Serpent that did sting thy fathers life
Now weares his Crowne.

Ham. O my propheticke soule! my Vncle?

Ghost.

Prince of Denmarke.

Ghost. I that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wits, with trayterous gifts,
O wicked wit, and giftes that haue the power
So to seduce; wonne to his shamefull lust
The will of my most seeming vertuous Queene;
O *Hamlet*, what falling off was there
From me whose loue was of that dignitie
That it went hand in hand, euen with the vowe
I made to her in marriage, and to decline
Vppon a wretch whose naturall gifts were poore,
To those of mine; but vertue as it neuer will be mooued,
Though lewdnesse court it in a shape of heauen
So but though to a radiant Angle linckt,
Will sort it selte in a celestiall bed
And pray on garbage.
But soft, me thinkes I sent the morning ayre,
Brieft let me be; sleeping within my Orchard,
My custome alwayes of the afternoone,
Vpon my secure houre, thy Vncle stole
With iuyce of cursed Hebona in a viall,
And in the porches of my eares did poure
The leaproous distilment, whose effect
Holds such an enmitie with blood of man,
That swift as quicksiluer it courses through
The naturall gates and allies of the body,
And with a sodaine vigour it doth possesse
And curde like eager droppings into milke,
The thin and whollome blood; so did it mine,
And a most instant tetter barckt about
Most Lazerlike with vile and lothsome crust
All my smooth body.
Thus was I sleeping by a brothers hand,
Of life, of Crowne, of Queene at once dispatcht,
Cut off euen in the blossomes of my sinne,
Vnhuzled, disappointed, vnanueld,
No reckning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head,
O horrible, ô horrible, most horrible.
If thou hast nature in thee beare it not,

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Let not the royall bed of Denmarke be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But howsomeuer thou pursues this act,
Tain't not thy minde, nor let thy soule contriue
Against thy mother ought, leaue her to heauen,
And to those thornes that in her bosome lodge
To prick and sting her, fare thee well at once,
The Gloworme shewes the matine to be neere
And gins to pale his vneffectuall fire,
Adiew, adiew, adiew, remember me.

Ham. O all you host of heauen, ô earth, what els,
And shall I coupple hell, ô fie, hold, hold my hart,
And you my sinnowes, growe not instant old,
But beare me swiftly vp; remember thee,
I thou poore Ghost whiles memory holds a seate
In this distracted globe, remember thee,
Yea, from the table of my memory
Ile wipe away all triuiall fond records,
All sawes of bookes, all formes, all pressures past
That youth and obseruation coppied there,
And thy commandement all alone shall liue,
Within the booke and volume of my braine
Vnmixt with baser matter, yes by heauen,
O most pernicious woman.
O villaine, villaine, smiling damned villaine,
My tables, meet it is I set it downe
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villaine,
At least I am sure it may be so in Denmarke.
So Vncle, there you are, now to my word,
It is adew, adew, remember me.
I haue sworn't.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Hora. My Lord, my Lord.

Mar. Lord Hamlet.

Hora. Heauens secure him.

Ham. So be it.

Mar. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy come, and come.

Mar.

Prince of Denmarke.

Mar. How i'st my noble Lord?

Hora. What newes my Lord?

Ham. O, wonderfull.

Hora. Good my Lord tell it.

Ham. No, you will reueale it.

Hora. Not I my Lord by heauen.

Mar. Nor I my Lord.

Ham. How say you then, would hart of man once thinke it,
But you'le be secret.

Booth. I by heauen.

Ham. There's neuer a villaine,
Dwelling in all Denmarke
But hee's an arrant knaue.

Hora. There needes no Ghost my Lord, come from the graue
To tell vs this.

Ham. Why right, you are in the right,
And so without more circumstance at all
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part,
You, as your busines and desire shall poynt you,
For euery man hath busines and desire
Such as it is, and for my owne poore part
I will goe pray.

Hora. These are but wilde and whurling words my Lord.

Ham. I am sorry they offend you hartily,
Yes faith hartily.

Hora. There's no offence my Lord.

Ham. Yes by Saint Patrick but there is Horatio,
And much offence to, touching this vision heere,
It is an honest Ghost that let me tell you,
For your desire to knowe what is betweene vs
Oremastret as you may, and now good friends,
As you are friends, schollers, and souldiers,
Giue me one poore request.

Hora. What i'st my Lord, we will.

Ham. Neuer make knowne what you haue seene to night.

Booth. My Lord we will not.

Ham. Nay but swear't.

Hora. In faith my Lord not I.

Mar. Nor I my Lord in faith.

Ham.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. Vppon my sword.

Mar. We haue sworne my Lord already.

Ham. Indeede vppon my sword, indeed.

Ghost cries vnder the Stage.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy, say'st thou so, art thou there trupenny?
Come on, you heare this fellowe in the Sellerige,
Consent to sweare.

Hor. Propose the oath my Lord.

Ham. Neuer to speake of this that you haue seene
Swear by my sword.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Hic, & vbiq, then weele shift our ground :
Come hether Gentlemen
And lay your hands againe vpon my sword,
Swear by my sword
Neuer to speake of this that you haue heard.

Ghost. Swear by his sword.

Ham. Well sayd olde Mole, can't worke it'h earth so fast,
A worthy Pioner, once more remooue good friends.

Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange.

Ham. And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome,
There are more things in heauen and earth *Horatio*
Then are dream't of in your philosophie, but come
Heere as before, neuer so helpe you mercy,
(How strange or odde so mere I beare my selfe,
As I perchance heereafter shall thinke meet,
To put an Anticke disposition on
That you at such times seeing me, neuer shall
With armes incombred thus, or this head shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull phrase,
As well, well, we knowe, or we could and if we would,
Or if we list to speake, or there be and if they might,
Or such ambiguous giuing out, to note)
That you knowe ought of me, this doe sweare,
So grace and mercy at your most neede helpe you.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit : so Gentlemen,
Withall my loue I doe commend me to you,

Prince of Denmarke.

And what so poore a man as *Hamlet* is,
May doe't expresse his loue and frending to you
God willing shall not lack, let vs goe in together,
And still your fingers on your lips I pray,
The time is out of ioynt. ô cursed spight
That euer I was borne to set it right.
Nay come, lets goe together.

Exeunt.

Enter old Polonius, with his man or two.

Pol. Giue him this money, and these notes *Reynaldo*.

Rey. I will my Lord.

Pol. You shall doe meruiles wisely good *Reynaldo*,
Before you visite him, to make inquire
Of his behauiour.

Rey. My Lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Mary well said, very well said; looke you fir,
Enquire me first what Danskers are in Parris,
And how, and who, what meanes, and where they keepe,
What companie, at what expence, and finding
By this encompassment, and drift of question
That they doe know my sonne, come you more neerer
Then your perticuler demaunds will touch it,
Take you as t'were some distant knowledge of him,
As thus, I know his father, and his friends,
And in part him, doe you marke this *Reynaldo*?

Rey. I, very well my Lord.

Pol. And in part him, but you may say, not well,
But y't be he I meane, hee's very wilde,
Adicted so and so, and there put on him
What forgeries you please, marry none so ranck
As may dishonour him, take heede of that,
But fir, such wanton, wild, and vsuall slips,
As are companions noted and most knowne
To youth and libertie.

Rey. As gaming my Lord.

Pol. I, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing, you may goe so far.

Rey. My Lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. Fayth as you may season it in the charge.

E.

You

The Tragedie of Hamlet

You must not put another scandell on him,
That he is open to incontinencie,
That's not my meaning, but breath his faults so quently
That they may seeme the taints of libertie,
The flash and out-breake of a fierie mind,
A sauagenes in vnreclamed blood,
Of generall assault.

Rey. But my good Lord.

Pol. Wherefore should you doe this?

Rey. I my Lord, I would know that.

Pol. Marry sir, heer's my drift,
And I belieue it is a fetch of wit,
You laying these slight fallies on my sonne
As'twere a thing a little soyled with working,
Marke you, your partie in conuerse, him you would sound
Hauing euer scene in the prenominat crimes
The youth you breath of guiltie, be assur'd
He closes with you in this consequence,
Good sir, (or so,) or friend, or gentleman,
According to the phrased, or the addition
Of man and country.

Rey. Very good my Lord.

Pol. And then sir doos a this, a doos, what was I about to say?
By the masse I was about to say something,
Where did I leaue?

Rey. At closes in the consequence.

Pol. At closes in the consequence, I marry,
He closes thus, I know the gentleman,
I saw him yesterday, or th'other day,
Or then, or then, with such or such, and as you say,
There was a gaming there, or tooke in's rowse,
There falling out at Tennis, or perchance
I saw him enter such a house of sale,
Videlizet, a brothell, or so foorth, see you now,
Your bait of falshood take this carpe of truth,
And thus doe we of wisedome, and of reach,
With windleses, and with assaies of bias,
By indirections find directions out,
So by my former lecture and aduise

Prince of Denmarke.

Shall you my sonne; you haue me, haue you not?

Rey. My Lord, I haue.

Pol. God buy ye, far ye well.

Rey. Good my Lord.

Pol. Obserue his inclination in your selfe.

Rey. I shall my Lord.

Pol. And let him ply his musique.

Rey. Well my Lord.

Exit Rey.

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farewell. How now *Ophelia*, whats the matter?

Oph. O my Lord, my Lord, I haue beene so affrighted,

Pol. With what i'th name of God?

Oph. My Lord, as I was sowing in my closet,
Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all vnbrac'd,
No hat vpon his head, his stockins fouled,
Vngartred, and downe gyued to his ancle,
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a looke so pittious in purport
As if he had been loosed out of hell
To speake of horrors, he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy loue?

Oph. My lord I doe not know,
But truly I doe feare it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He tooke me by the wrist, and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of all his arme,
And with his other hand thus ore his brow,
He falls to such perusall of my face
As a would draw it, long stayd he so,
At last, a little shaking of mine arme,
And thrice his head thus wauiing vp and downe,
He raisd a sigh so pittious and profound
As it did seeme to shatter all his bulke,
And end his being; that done, he lets me goe,
And with his head ouer his shoulder turn'd
Hee seem'd to find his way without his eyes,
For out adoores he went without theyr helps,
And to the last bended their light on me.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Pol. Come, goe with mee, I will goe seeke the King,
This is the very extacie of loue,
Whose violent propertie fordoos it selfe,
And leades the will to desperat vndertakings
As oft as any passions vnder heauen
That dooes afflict our natures: I am sorry,
What, haue you giuen him any hard words of late?

Oph. No my good Lord, but as you did commaund:
I did repell his letters, and denied
His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am sorry, that with better heede and iudgement
I had not coted him, I fear'd he did but trifle
And meant to wrack thee, but beshrow my Ielousie:
By heauen it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond our selues in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion; come, goe we to the King,
This must be knowne, which beeing kept close, might moue
More griefe to hide, then hate to vtter loue,
Come. *Exeunt.*

Flourish. Enter King and Queene, Rosencraus and
Guyldensterne.

King. Welcome deere Rosencraus, and Guyldensterne,
Moreouer, that we much did long to see you,
The need we haue to vse you did prouoke
Our hastie sending, something haue you heard
Of *Hamlets* transformation, so call it,
Sith nor th'exterior, nor the inward man
Resembles that it was, what it should be,
More then his fathers death, that thus hath put him
So much from th'vnderstanding of himselfe
I cannot dreame of: I entreate you both
That beeing of so young dayes brought vp with him,
And sith so nabored to his youth and hauior,
That you voutsafe your rest heere in our Court
Some little time, so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather

Prince of Denmarke.

So much as from occasion you may gleane,
Whether ought to vs vnknowne afflicts him thus,
That open lyes within our remedie.

Quee. Good gentlemen, he hath much talkt of you,
And sure I am, two men there is not liuing
To whom he more adheres, if it will please you
To shew vs so much gentry and good will,
As to expend your time with vs a while,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receiue such thanks
As fits a Kings remembrance.

Ros. Both your Maiesties
Might by the soueraigne power you haue of vs,
Put your dread pleasures more into commaund
Then to entreatie.

Guy. But we both obey.
And heere giue vp our selues in the full bent,
To lay our seruice freely at your feete
To be commaunded.

King. Thanks *Rosencraus*, and gentle *Guyldensterne*.

Quee. Thanks *Guyldensterne*, and gentle *Rosencraus*.
And I beseech you instantly to visite
My too much changed sonne, goe some of you
And bring these gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

Guy. Heauens make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpfull to him.

Quee. I Amen.

Exeunt Ros. and Guyld.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th'embassadors from *Norway* my good Lord,
Are ioyfully returnd.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good newes.

Pol. Haue I my Lord? I assure my good Liege
I hold my durie as I hold my soule,
Both to my God, and to my gracious King;
And I doe thinke, or els this braine of mine
Hunts not the trayle of policie so sure
As it hath vsd to doe, that I haue found
The very cause of *Hamlets* lunacie.

King. O speake of that, that doe I long to heare.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Pol. Giue first admittance to th'embassadors,
My newes shall be the fruite to that great feast.

King. Thy selfe doe grace to them, and bring them in.
He tells me my deere *Gertrard* he hath found
The head and source of all your sonnes distemper.

Quee. I doubt it is no other but the maine
His fathers death, and our hastie marriage.

Enter Embassadors.

King. Well, we shall sift him, welcome my good friends,
Say *Voltemand*, what from our brother *Norway*?

Vol. Most faire returne of greetings and desires;
Vpon our first, he sent out to suppress
His Nephews leuies, which to him appeared
To be a preparation gainst the *Pollacke*,
But better lookt into, he truly found
It was against your highnes, whereat grieu'd
That so his sicknes, age, and impotence
Was falsly borne in hand, sends out arrests
On *Fortenbrasse*, which he in breefe obeyes,
Receiues rebuke from *Norway*, and in fine,
Makes vow before his Vncle neuer more
To giue th'assay of Armes against your Maiestie:
Whereon old *Norway* overcome with ioy,
Giues him threescore thousand crownes in anuall fee,
And his commission to imploy those souldiers
So leuied (as before) against the *Pollacke*,
With an entreatie heerein further shone,
That it might please you to giue quiet passe
Through your dominions for this enterprise
On such regards of safety and allowance
As therein are set downe.

King. It likes vs well,
And at our more considered time, wee'le read,
Answer, and thinke vpon this busines:
Meane time, we thanke you for your well tooke labour,
Goe to your rest, at night wee'le feast together,
Most welcome home.

Exeunt Embassadors.

Pol. This busines is well ended.

Prince of Denmarke.

My Liege and Maddam, to expostulate
What maiestie should be, what dutie is,
Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to wast night, day, and time,
Therefore breuitie is the soule of wit,
And tediousnes the lymmes and outward florishes,
I will be brieft, your noble sonne is mad:
Mad call I it, for to define true madnes,
What ist but to be nothing els but mad,
But let that goe.

Quee. More matter with lesse art.

Pol. Maddam, I sweare I vse no art at all,
That hee's mad tis true, tis true, tis pittie,
And pittie tis tis true, a foolish figure,
But farewell it, for I will vse no art.
Mad let vs graunt him then, and now remaines
That we find out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defectiue comes by cause:
Thus it remaines, and the remainder thus
Perpend,
I haue a daughter, haue while she is mine,
Who in her dutie and obedience, marke,
Hath giuen me this, now gather and surmise,

To the Celestiall and my soules Idoll, the most beautified Ophelia, that's an ill phrase, a vile phrase, beautified is a vile phrase, but you shall heare: thus in her excellent white bosome, these &c.

Quee. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good Maddam stay awhile, I will be faithfull,
Doubt thou the starres are fire, Letter.
Doubt that the Sunne doth moue,
Doubt truth to be a lyer,
But neuer doubt I loue.

O deere Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers, I haue not art to reckon
my grones, but that I loue thee best, ô most best belieue it, adew.
Thine euermore most deere Lady, whilst this machine is to him.

Pol. This in obedience hath my daughter showne me, *(Hamlet.*
And more about hath his solicitings

The Tragedie of Hamlet

As they fell out by time, by meanes, and place,
All giuen to mine care.

King. But how hath she receiu'd his loue?

Pol. What doe you thinke of me?

King. As of a man faithfull and honorable.

Pol. I would faine proue so, but what might you thinke
When I had seene this hote loue on the wing,
As I perceiu'd it (I must tell you that)
Before my daughter told me, what might you,
Or my deere Maieslie your Queene heere thinke,
If I had playd the Deske, or Table booke,
Or giuen my hart a working mute and dumbe,
Or lookt vppon this loue with idle sight,
What might you thinke? no, I went round to worke,
And my young Mistris thus I did bespeake,
Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy star,
This must not be: and then I prescripts gaue her
That she should locke her selfe from her resort,
Admit no messengers, receiue no tokens,
Which done, she tooke the fruites of my aduise:
And he repell'd, a short tale to make,
Fell into a sadnes, then into a fast,
Thence to a wath, thence into a weakenes,
Thence to lightnes, and by this declension,
Into the madnes wherein now he raues,
And all we mourne for.

King. Doe you thinke this?

Quee. It may be very like.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, I would faine know that,
That I haue positiuely said, tis so,
When it proou'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this, from this, if this be otherwise;
If circumstances leade me, I will finde
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede
Within the Center.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know sometimes he walkes foure houres together
Heere in the Lobby.

Prince of Denmarke.

Quee. So he dooesindeede.

Pol. At such a time, Ile loose my daughter to him,
Be you and I behind an Arras then,
Marke the encounter, if he loue her not,
And be not from his reason false thereon
Let me be no assistant for a state
But keepe a farme and carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet.

Quee. But looke where sadly the poore wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I doe beseech you both away, *Exit King and Queene.*
Ile bord him presently, oh giue me leaue,
How dooes my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, God a mercy.

Pol. Doe you knowe me my Lord?

Ham. Excellent well, you are a Fishmonger.

Pol. Not I my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest my Lord.

Ham. I sir to be honest as this world goes,
Is to be one man pickt out of tenne thousand.

Pol. That's very true my Lord.

Ham. For if the sunne breede maggots in a dead dogge, being a
good kissing carrion. Haue you a daughter?

Pol. I haue my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th Sunne, conception is a blessing,
But as your daughter may conceaue, friend looke to't.

Pol. How say you by that, still harping on my daughter, yet hee
knewe me not at first, a sayd I was a Fishmonger, a is farre gone,
and truly in my youth, I suffered much extremity for loue, very
neere this. Ile speake to him againe. What doe you reade my
Lord.

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter my Lord.

Ham. Betweene who.

Pol. I meane the matter that you reade my Lord.

Ham. Slaunders sir; for the satericall rogue sayes heere, that old
men haue gray beards, that their faces are wrinckled, their eyes
purging thick Amber, & plumtree gum, & that they haue a plen-

The Tragedie of Hamlet

tifull lacke of wit, together with most weake hams, all which sir though I most powerfully and potentlie believe, yet I hold it not honesty to haue it thus set downe, for your selfe sir shall growe old as I am: if like a Crab you could goe backward.

Pol. Though this be madnesse, yet there is method in't, will you walke out of the ayre my Lord?

Ham. Into my graue.

Pol. Indeede that's out of the ayre; how pregnant sometimes his replies are, a happines that often madnesse hits on, which reason and sanctity could not so prosperously be deliuered of. I will leaue him and my daughter. My Lord, I will take my leaue of you.

Ham. You cannot take from mee any thing that I will not more willingly part withall: except my life, except my life, except my life.

Enter Gyldesterne, and Rosencrans.

Pol. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old fooles.

Pol. You goe to seeke the Lord Hamlet, there he is.

Ros. God saue you sir.

Gyl. My honor'd Lord.

Ros. My most deere Lord.

Ham. My extent good friends, how doost thou *Gyldesterne*?

A Rosencrans, good lads how doe you both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Gyl. Happy, in that we are not euer happy on Fortunes lap;
We are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shooe.

Ros. Neither my Lord.

Ham. Then you liue about her wast, or in the middle of her fa-

Gyl. Faith her priuates we. (uors.

Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune, oh most true, she is a strumpet,
What newes?

Ros. None my Lord, but the worlds growne honest.

Ham. Then is Doomes day neere, but your newes is not true;
But in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at *Elsonoure*?

Ros. To visit you my Lord, no other occasion.

Ham. Begger that I am, I am euer poore in thanks, but I thank
you, and sure deare friends, my thanks are too deare a halfpenny:
were you not sent for? is it your owne inclining? is it a free visitati-
on? come, come, deale iustly with me, come, come, nay speake.

Gyl. What should we say my Lord?

Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. Any thing but to'th purpose : you were sent for, and there is a kind of confession in your lookes, which your modesties haue not craft enough to cullour, I know the good King and Queene haue sent for you.

Ros. To what end my Lord?

Ham. That you must teach me : but let me coniure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancie of our youth, by the obligation of our euer preserued loue; and by what more deare a better proposer can charge you withall, bee euen and direct with me whether you were sent for or no.

Ros. What say you.

Ham. Nay then I haue an eye of you : if you loue me hold not of.

Guyl. My Lord we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why, so shall my anticipation preuent your discouery, and your secrecie to the King & Queene moult no feather, I haue of late, but wherefore I knowe not, lost all my mirth, forgon all custome of exercises: and indeede it goes so heauily with my disposition, that this goodly frame the earth, seemes to mee a sterill promontorie, this most excellent Canopie the ayre, looke you, this braue orehanging firmament, this maiestically roofe fretted with golden fire, why it appeareth nothing to me but a foule and pestilent congregation of vapours. What peece of worke is a man, how noble in reason, how infinit in faculties, in forme and moouing, how expresse and admirable in action, how like an Angell in apprehension, how like a God : the beautie of the world; the paragon of Annimales; and yet to me, what is this Quintessence of dust : man delights not me, nor women neither, though by your smiling, you seeme to say so.

Ros. My Lord, there was no such stufte in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did yee laugh then, when I sayd man delights not me.

Ros. To thinke my Lord if you delight not in man, what Lenton entertainment the players shall receaue from you, we coted them on the way, and hether are they comming to offer you seruice.

Ham. He that playes the King shal be welcome, his Maiestie shal haue tribute on me, the aduenterous Knight shall vse his foyle and target, the Louer shall not sigh gratis, the humorus Man shall end his part in peace, and the Lady shall say her minde freely : or the black verse shall hault for't. What players are they?

Ros. Euen those you were wont to take such delight in, the Tragedians of the Citie.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. How chances it they trauaile? their residence both in reputation, and profit was better both wayes.

Ros. I thinke their inhibition, comes by the meanes of the late innouation.

Ham. Doe they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the Citty; are they so followed.

Ros. No indeede are they not.

Ham. It is not very strange, for my Vncle is King of Denmarke, and those that would make mouths at him while my father liued, giue twenty, fortie, fifty, a hundred duckets a peece, for his Picture in little, s^blound there is something in this more then naturall, if Philosophie could find it out.

A Florish.

Guyl. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen you are welcome to *Elsonoure*, your hands come then, th'appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremonie; let mee comply with you in this garb: let me extent to the players, which I tell you must shoue fairely outwards, should more appeare like entertainment then yours? you are welcome: but my Vncle-father, and Aunt-mother, are deceaued.

Guyl. In what my deare Lord.

Ham. I am but mad North North west; when the wind is Southerly, I knowe a Hauke, from a hand saw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you Gentlemen.

Ham. Harke you *Cuyldensterne*, and you to, at each eare a hearer, that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swadling clouts.

Ros. Happily he is the second time come to them, for they say an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophecy, he comes to tell me of the players, mark it, You say right sir, a Monday morning, t'was then indeede.

Pol. My Lord I haue newes to tell you.

Ham. My Lord I haue newes to tel you: when *Rossius* was an Actor in Rome.

Pol. The Actors are come hether my Lord.

Ham. Buz, buz.

Pol. Vppon my honor.

Ham. Then came each Actor on his Ass.

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for Tragedie, Comedy, History, Pastorall, Pastorall Comickall, Historicall Pastorall, scene indeuidible.

Prince of Denmarke.

indeuidible, or Poem vnlimited. *Sceneca* cannot be too heavy, nor *Plautus* too light for the lawe of writ, and the liberty: these are the only men.

Ham. O *Ieptha* Iudge of Israell, what a treasure had'st thou?

Pol. What a treasure had he my Lord?

Ham. Why one faire daughter and no more, the which he loued passing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th right old *Ieptha*?

Pol. If you call me *Ieptha* my Lord, I haue a daughter that I loue

Ham. Nay that followes not. (passing well.

Pol. What followes then my Lord?

Ham. Why as by lot God wot, and then you knowe it came to passe, as most like it was; the first rowe of the pious chanson will shewe you more, for looke where my abridgment comes.

Enter the Players.

Ham. You are welcome maisters, welcome all, I am glad to see thee well, welcome good friends, oh old friend, why thy face is vantage since I saw thee last, com'st thou to beard me in Denmark? what my young Lady and mistris, by lady your Ladishippe is nerer to heauen, then when I saw you last by the altitude of a chopine, pray God your voyce like a peece of vncurrent gold, bee not crackt within the ring: maisters you are all welcome, wee le ento't like friendly Fankners, fly at any thing we see, wee le haue a speech straite, come giue vs a tall of your quality, come a passionate speech.

Playcr. What speech my good Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speake me a speech once, but it was neuer acted, or if it was, not aboue once, for the play I remember pleas'd not the million, t'was cauiary to the generall, but it was as I receaued it & others, whose iudgements in such matters cried in the top of mine, an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set downe with as much modestie as cunning. I remember one sayd there were no fallers in the lines, to make the matter sauory, nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affection, but cald it an honest method, as wholesome as sweete, & by very much, more handsome then fine: one speech in't I chiefly loued, t'was *Aeneas* talke to *Dido*, & there about of it especially when he speakes of *Priams* slaughter, if it liue in your memory begin at this line, let me see, let me see, the rugged *Pirbus* like Th'ircanian beast,

The Tragedie of Hamlet

beast, tis not so, it beginnes with *Pirrhus*, the rugged *Pirrhus*, he whose
fable Armes,

Black as his purpose did the night resemble,
When he lay couched in th'omynous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complexion smeard,
With heraldy more dismall head to foote,
Now is he totall Gules horridly trickt
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sonnes,
Bak'd and empasted with the parching streetes
That lend a tirrahus and a damned light
To their Lords murther, rosted in wrath and fire,
And thus ore-cis'd with coagulate gore,
With eyes like Carbunkles, the hellish *Phirrhus*
Old grandsire *Priam* seekes; so proceede you.

Pol. Foregod my Lord well spoken, with good accent and good

Play. Anon he finds him, (discretion.

Striking too short at Greekes, his anticke sword
Rebellious to his arme, lies where it fals,
Repugnant to commaund; vnequall matcht,
Pirrhus at *Priam* driues, in rage strikes wide,
But with the whiffe and winde of his fell sword,
Th'vnnerved father fals:

Seeming to feele this blowe, with flaming top
Stoopest to his base; and with a hiddious crash
Takes prisoner *Pirrhus* eare, for loe his sword
Which was declining on the milkie head
Of reuerent *Priam*, seem'd i'th ayre to stick,
So as a painted tirant *Pirrhus* stood
Like a newtrall to his will and matter,
Did nothing:

But as we often see against some storme,
A silence in the heauens, the racke stand still,
The bold winds speechlesse, and the orbe belowe
As hush as death, anon the dreadfull thunder
Doth rend the region, so after *Pirrhus* pause,
A rowfed vengeance sets him new a worke,
And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall,
On *Marses* Armor forg'd for prooffe eterne,
With lesse remorse then *Pirrhus* bleeding sword
Now falls on *Priam*.

Prince of Denmarke.

Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune, all you gods,
In generall sinod take away her power,
Breake all the spokes, and follies from her wheele,
And boule the round naue downe the hill of heauen
As lowe as to the fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barbers with your beard ; prethee say on, he's
for a ligge, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleepe, say on, come to *Hecuba*.

Play. But who, a woe, had seene the mobled *Queene*,

Ham. The mobled *Queene*.

Pol. That's good.

Play Runne barefoote vp and downe, threatning the flames
With *Bison* reume, a clout vppon that head
Where late the Diadem stood, and for a robe,
About her lanck and all ore-teamed loynes,
A blancket in the alarme of feare caught vp,
Who this had seene, with tongue in venom steeptr,
Gainst fortunes state would treason haue pronounst ;
But if the gods themselues did see her then,
When she saw *Pirhus* make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband limmes,
The instant burst of clamor that she made,
Vnlesse things mortall mooue them not at all,
Would haue made milch the burning eyes of heauen
And passion in the gods.

Pol. Looke where he has not turnd his cullour, and has teares in's
eyes, prethee no more.

Ham. Tis well, Ile haue thee speake out the rest of this soone,
Good my Lord will you see the players well bestowed ; doe you
heare , let them be well vsed , for they are the abstract and breefe
Chronicles of the time ; after your death you were better haue a
bad Epitaph then their ill report while you liue.

Pol. My Lord, I will vse them according to their desert.

Ham. Gods bodkin man, much better, vse euery man after his de-
sert, & who shall scape whipping, vse them after your owne honor
and dignity, the lesse they deserue the more merrit is in your boun-
ty. Take them in.

Pol. Come sirs.

Ham. Follow him friends, wee le heare a play to morrowe; dost thou
heare

The Tragedie of Hamlet

heare me old friend, can you play the murther of *Gonzago*?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Weele hate to morrowe night, you could for neede study a speech of some dosen lines, or sixteene lines, which I would set downe and insert in't, could you not?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Very well, followe that Lord, & looke you mock him not. My good friends, Ile leaue you tell night, you are welcome to *Elson-*
oure. *Exeunt Pol. and Players.*

Ros. Good my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Ham. I so God buy to you, now I am alone,
O what a rogue and pesant slaue am I.
Is it not monstrous that this player heere
But in a fixion, in a dreame of passion
Could force his soule so to his owne conceit
That from her working all the visage wand,
Teares in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
A broken voyce, an his whole function suting
With formes to his conceit; and all for nothing,
For *Hecuba*.

What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to her,
That he should weepe for her? what would he doe
Had he the motiue, and that for passion
That I haue? he would drowne the stage with teares,
And cleaue the generall eare with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty, and appale the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeede
The very faculties of eyes and eares; yet I,
A dull and muddy metteld raskall peake,
Like Iohn-a-dreames, vnpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no not for a King,
Vpon whose property and most deare life,
A damn'd defeate was made: am I a coward,
Who calls me villaine, breakes my pate a crosse,
Pluckes off my beard, and blowes it in my face,
Twekes me by the nose, giues me the lie i'th thraote
As deepe as to the lunges, who does me this,
Hah, s'wounds I should take it: for it cannot be
But I am pigdion liuerd, and lack gall

Prince of Denmarke.

To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should a fatted all the region kytes
With this slaues offall, bloody, baudy villaine,
Remorslesse, trecherous, lecherous, kindlesse villaine.
Why what an Assle am I, this is most braue,
That I the sonne of a deere murthered,
Prompted to my reuenge by heauen and hell,
Must like a whore vnpacke my hart with words,
And fall a cursing like a very drabbe; a stallyon, fie vppont, foli.
About my braues; hum, I haue heard,
That guilty creatures sitting at a play,
Haue by the very cunning of the scene,
Beene strooke so to the soule, that presently
They haue proclaim'd their malefactions:
For murther, though it haue no tongue will speake
With most miraculous organ: Ile haue these Players
Play something like the murther of my father
Before mine Vncle, Ile obserue his lookes,
Ile tent him to the quicke, if a doe blench
I know my course. The spirit that I haue scene
May be a deale, and the deale hath power
T'assume a pleasing shape, yea, and perhaps,
Out of my weakenes, and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damne me; Ile haue grounds
More relatiue then this, the play's the thing
Wherein Ile catch the conscience of the King. *Exit.*

*Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencraus, Gyl-
densterne, Lords.*

King. An can you by no drift of conference
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his dayes of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacie?

Ros. He does confesse he feesles himselfe distracted,
But from what cause, a will by no meanes speake.

Gyl. Nor doe we find him forward to be sounded,
But with a craftie madnes keepes aloofe
When we would bring him on to some confession

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Of his true state.

Quee. Did he receiue you well?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guy. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question, but of our demaunds
Most free in his reply.

Quee. Did you assay him to any pastime?

Ros. Maddam, it so fell out that certaine Players
We ore-raught on the way, of these we told him,
And there did seeme in him a kind of ioy
To heare of it: they are heere about the Court,
And as I thinke, they haue already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. Tis most true,
And he beseecht me to intreat your Maiesties
To heare and see the matter.

King. With all my hart,
And it doth much content me
To heare him so inclin'd.
Good gentlemen giue him a further edge,
And drive his purpose into these delights.

Ros. We shall my Lord. *Exeunt Ros. & Gyl.*

King. Sweet *Gertrard*, leaue vs two,
For we haue closely sent for *Hamlet* hether,
That he as t'were by accident, may heere
Affront *Ophelia*; her father and my selfe,
Wee'le so bestow our selues, that seeing vnseene,
We may of their encounter franckly iudge,
And gather by him as he is behau'd,
If it be th'affliction of his loue or no
That thus he suffers for.

Quee. I shall obey you.
And for your part *Ophelia*, I doe wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of *Hamlets* wildnes, so shall I hope your vertues,
Will bring him to his wonted way againe,
To both your honours.

Oph. Maddam, I wish it may.

Pol. *Ophelia* walke you heere, gracious so please you,

Prince of Denmarke.

We will bestow our selues; reade on this booke,
That show of such an exercise may cullour
Your lowlines; we are oft too blame in this,
Tis too much proou'd, that with deuotions visage
And pious action, we doe sugar ore
The deuill himselfe.

King. O tis too true,
How smart a lash that speech doth giue my conscience.
The harlots cheeke beautied with plastring art,
Is not more ougly to the thing that helps it,
Then is my deede to my most painted word :
O heauy burthen.

Enter Hamlet.

Pol. I heare him comming, with-draw my Lord.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question,
Whether tis nobler in the minde to suffer
The slings and arrowes of outragious fortune,
Or to take Armes against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing, end them, to die to sleepe -
No more, and by a sleepe, to say we end
The hart-ake, and the thousand naturall shocks
That flesh is heire to; tis a consumation
Deuoutly to be wisht to die to sleepe,
To sleepe, perchance to dreame, I there's the rub,
For in that sleepe of death what dreames may come
When we haue shuffled off this mortall coyle
Must giue vs pause, there's the respect
That makes calamitie of so long life:
For who would beare the whips and scornes of time,
Th'oppressors wrong, the proude mans contumely,
The pangs of despiz'd loue, the lawes delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurnes
That patient merriit of th'vnworthy takes,
When he himselfe might his quietas make
With a bare bodkin; who would fardels beare,
To grunt and sweat vnder a wearie life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The vndiscouer'd country, from whose borne

The Tragedie of Hamlet

No trauiler returnes, puzzels the will,
And makes vs rather beare those ills we haue,
Then flie to others that we know not of.
Thus conscience döoes make cowards,
And thus the native hiew of resolution
Is sickled ore with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pitch and moment,
With this regard theyr currents turne awry,
And loose the name of action. Soft you now,
The faire *Ophelia*, Nimph in thy orizons
Be all my finnes remembred.

Oph. Good my Lord,
How dooes your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thanke you well.

Oph. My Lord, I haue remembrances of yours
That I haue longed long to redeliuer,
I pray you now receiue them.

Ham. No, not I, I neuer gaue you ought.

Oph. My honor'd Lord, you know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath composd
As made these things more rich, their perfume lost,
Take these againe, for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poore when giuers prooue vnkind,
There my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha, are you honest.

Oph. My Lord.

Ham. Are you faire?

Oph. What meanes your Lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest & faire, you should admit
no discourse to your beautie.

Oph. Could beautie my Lord haue better comers
Then with honestie?

Ham. I truly, for the power of beautie will sooner transforme honestie from what it is to a bawde, then the force of honestie can translate beautie into his likenes, this was sometime a paradox, but now time giues it prooffe, I did loue you once.

Oph. Indeed my Lord you made me belieue so.

Ham. You should not haue belecu'd me, for vertue cannot so euocat our old stock, but we shall relish of it, I loued you not.

Prince of Denmarke.

Oph. I was the more deceiued.

Ham. Get thee a Nunry, why would'st thou be a breeder of sinners, I am my selfe indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse mee of such things, that it were better my Mother had not borne mee: I am very proude, reuengefull, ambitious, with more offences at my beck, then I haue thoughts to put them in, imagination to giue them shape, or time to act them in: what should such fellowes as I do crauling betweene earth and heauen, wee are arrant knaues, beleeue none of vs, goe thy waies to a Nunry. Where's your father?

Oph. At home my Lord.

Ham. Let the doores be shut vpon him,
That he may play the foole no where but in's owne house,
Farewell.

Oph. O helpe him you sweet heauens.

Ham. If thou doost marry, Ile giue thee this plague for thy dowrie, be thou as chaste as yce, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny; get thee to a Nunry, farewell. Or if thou wilt needes marry, marry a foole, for wise men knowe well enough what monsters you make of them: to a Nunry goe, and quickly to, farewell.

Oph. Heauenly powers restore him.

Ham. I haue heard of your paintings well enough, God hath giuen you one face, and you make your selves another, you gig & amble, and you list you nickname Gods creatures, and make your wantonnes ignorance; goe to, Ile no more on't, it hath made me madde, I say we will haue no mo marriage, those that are married already, all but one shall liue, the rest shall keep as they are: to a Nunry go. *Exit.*

Oph. O what a noble mind is heere orethrowne!
The Courtiers, souldiers, schollers, eye, tongue, sword,
Th'expectation, and Rose of the faire state,
The glasse of fashion, and the mould of forme,
Th'obseru'd of all obseruers, quite quite downe,
And I of Ladies most deieft and wretched,
That suckt the honny of his musickt vowes;
Now see what noble and most soueraigne reason
Like sweet bells iangled out of time, and harsh,
That vnmatcht forme, and stature of blowne youth
Blasted with extacie, ô woe is mee
T'haue scene what I haue scene, see what I see.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Loue, his affections doe not that way tend,
Nor what he spake, though it lackt forme a little,
Was not like madnes, there's something in his soule
Ore which his melancholy fits on brood,
And I doe doubt, the hatch and the disclose
VVill be some danger; which for to preuent,
I haue in quick determination
Thus set it downe: he shall with speede to *England*,
For the demaund of our neglected tribute,
Haply the seas, and countries different,
With variable obiects, shall expell
This something settled matter in his hart,
Whereon his braines still beating
Puts him thus from fashion of himselfe.
What thinke you on't?

Pol. It shall doe well.

But yet doe I belieue the origin and comencement of his greefe,
Sprung from neglected loue: How now *Ophelia*?
You neede not tell vs what Lord *Hamlet* said,
We heard it all: my Lord, doe as you please,
But if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his Queene-mother all alone intreate him
To show his greefe, let her be round with him,
And Ile be plac'd (so please you) in the care
Of all their conference, if she find him not,
To *England* send him: or confine him where
Your wisdome best shall thinke.

King. It shall be so,
Madnes in great ones must not vnmatcht goe.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, and three of the Players.

Ham. Speake the speech I pray you as I pronoun'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue, but if you mouth it as many of our Players do, I had as liue the towne cryer spoke my lines, nor doe not saw the ayre too much with your hand thus, but vse all gently, for in the very torrent tempest, and as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may giue it smoothnesse, ô it offends mee to the soule, to heare a robustious perwig-pated fellowe

Prince of Denmarke.

tere a passion to totters, to very rags, to spleet the eares of the groundlings, vvhoe for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumbe shewes, and noyse: I would haue such a fellow whipt for ore-dooing Termagant, it out Herods Herod, pray you auoyde it.

Player. I warrant your honour.

Hamlet. Be not too tame neither, but let your owne discretion be your tutor, sute the action to the word, the word to the action, with this speciall obseruance, that you ore-steppe not the modestie of nature: For any thing so ore-doone, is from the purpose of playing, whose end both at the first, and now, was and is, to holde as twere the Mirrour vp to nature, to shew vertue her feature; scorne her own Image, and the very age and body of the time his forme and preasure: Now this ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it makes the vnskillfull laugh, cannot but make the iudicious greeue, the censure of which one, must in your allowance ore-weigh a whole Theater of others. O there be Players that I haue seene play, and heard others prayd, and that highly, not to speake it prophanely, that neither haueing th'accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, nor man, haue so strutted & bellowed, that I haue thought some of Natures Iornimen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanitie so abhominably.

Player. I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with vs.

Ham. O reforme it altogether, and let those that play your clownes speake no more then is set downe for them, for there be of them that wil themselues laugh, to set on some quantitie of barraine spectators to laugh to, though in the meane time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered, that's villanous, and shewes a most pittifull ambition in the foole that vses it: goe make you readie. How now my Lord, will the King heare this peece of worke?

Enter Polonius, Gyldesterne, & Rosencrans.

Pol. And the Queene to, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the Players make hast. Will you two help to hasten the.

Ros. I my Lord. *Exeunt they two.*

Ham. What howe, *Horatio.* *Enter Horatio.*

Hora. Heere sweet Lord, at your seruice.

Ham. *Horatio,* thou art een as iust a man

as ere my conuersation copt withall.

Hor. O my deere Lord.

Ham. Nay.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Nay, doe not thinke I flatter,
For what aduancement may I hope from thee
That no reuenew hast but thy good spirits
To feede and clothe thee, why should the poore be flatterd?
No, let the candied tongue licke absurd pompe,
And crooke the pregnant hindges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fauning; doost thou heare,
Since my deare soule was mistris of her choice,
And could of men distinguish her election,
S'hath scald thee for herselfe, for thou hast been
As one in suffering all that suffers nothing,
A man that Fortunes buffets and rewards
Hast tane with equall thanks; and blest are those
Whose blood and iudgement are so well comedled,
That they are not a pype for Fortunes finger
To sound what stop she please: giue me that man
That is not passions slaue, and I will weare him
In my harts core, I in my hart of hart
As I doe thee. Something too much of this,
There is a play to night before the King,
One scene of it comes neere the circumstance
Which I haue told thee of my fathers death,
I prethee when thou seest that act a foote,
Euen with the very comment of thy soule
Obserue my Vncle, if his occulted guilt
Doe not it selfe vnkennill in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we haue seene,
And my imaginations are as foule
As *Vulcans* stutty; giue him heedfull note,
For I mine eyes will riuert to his face,
And after we will both our iudgements ioyne
In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well my lord,
If a steale ought the whilst this play is playing
And scape detected, I will pay the theft.

*Enter Trumpets and Kettle Drummes, King, Quene,
Polonius, Ophelia.*

Ham. They are comming to the play. I must be idle,

Prince of Denmarke.

Get you a place.

King. How fares our cosin *Hamlet*?

Ham. Excellent yfaith,
Of the Camelions dish, I eate the ayre,
Promiscram'd, you cannot feede Capons so.

King. I haue nothing with this aunswer *Hamlet*,
These words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now my Lord.
You playd once i'th Vniuersitie you say,

Pol. That did I my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor,

Ham. What did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Julius Caesar*, I was kild i'th Capitall,
Brutus kild mee.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capitall a calfe there,
Be the Players readie?

Ros. I my Lord, they stay vpon your patience.

Ger. Come hether my deere *Hamlet*, sit by me.

Ham. No good mother, heere's mettle more attractive.

Pol. O ho, doe you marke that.

Ham. Lady shall I lie in your lap?

Oph. No my Lord.

Ham. Doe you thinke I meant country matters?

Oph. I thinke nothing my Lord.

Ham. That's a fayre thought to lye betweene maydes legs.

Oph. What is my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry my Lord.

Ham. Who I?

Oph. I my Lord.

Ham. O God your onely ligge-maker, what should a man do but
be merry, for looke you how cheerefully my mother lookes, and my
father died within's two howres.

Oph. Nay, tis twice two months my Lord.

Ham. So long, nay then let the deule weare blacke, for Ile haue a
uite of fables; ô heauens, die two months agoe, and not forgotten yet,
then there's hope a great mans memorie may out-live his life halfe a
yeere, but ber Lady a must build Churches then, or els shall a suffer
not thinking on, with the Hobby-horse, whose Epitaph is, for ô, for
ô, the hobby-horse is forgot.

H.

Enter

The Tragedie of Hamlet

The Trumpets sounds. Dumb show followes.

Enter a King and a Queene, the Queene embracing him, and he her, he takes her vp, and declines his head vpon her necke, he lyes him downe vpon a bancke of flowers, she seeing him asleepe, leaues him: anon come in another man, takes off his crowne, kisses it, pours poyson in the sleepers eares, and leaues him: the Queene returnes, finds the King dead, makes passionate action, the poyser with some three or foure come in againe, seeme to condole with her, the dead body is carried away, the poyser wooes the Queene with gifts, shee seemes harsh awhile, but in the end accepts loue.

Oph. VVhat meanes this my Lord?

Ham. Marry this munching *Mallico*, it meanes mischief.

Oph. Belike this show imports the argument of the play.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow, *Enter Prologue.*

The Players cannot keepe, they'le tell all.

Oph. Will a tell vs what this show meant?

Ham. I, or any show that you will show him, be not you asham'd to show, heele not shame to tell you what it meanes.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught, Ile mark the play.

Prologue. For vs and for our Tragedie,
Heere stooping to your clemencie,
We begge your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the posie of a ring?

Oph. Tis breefe my Lord.

Ham. As womans loue.

Enter King and Queene.

King. Full thirtie times hath *Phebus* cart gone round
Neptunes salt wash, and *Tellus* orb'd the ground,
And thirtie dosen Moones with borrowed sheene
About the world haue times twelue thirties beene
Since loue our harts, and *Hymen* did our hands
Vnite comutuell in most sacred bands.

Quee. So many iourneyes may the Sunne and Moone
Make vs againe count ore ere loue be doone,
But woe is me, you are so sicke of late,
So farre from cheere, and from our former state,
That I distrust you, yet though I distrust,
Discomfort you my Lord it nothing must.

Prince of Denmarke.

For women feare too much, euen as they loue,
And womens feare and loue hold quantitie,
Eyther none, in neither ought, or in extremitie,
Now what my Lord is prooffe hath made you know,
And as my loue is ciz'd, my feare is so,
Where loue is great, the littlest doubts are feare,
Where little feares grow great, great loue growes there.

King. Faith I must leaue thee loue, and shortly to,
My operant powers their functions leaue to do,
And thou shalt liue in this faire world behind,
Honord, belou'd, and haply one as kind,
For husband shalt thou.

Quee. O confound the rest,
Such loue must needes be treason in my brest,
In second husband let me be accurst,
None wed the second, but who kild the first.
The instances that second marriage moue
Are base respects of thrift, but none of loue,
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

Ham. That's
wormwood

King. I doe belieue you thinke what now you speake,
But what we doe determine, oft we breake,
Purpose is but the slaue to memorie,
Of violent birth, but poore validitie,
Which now the fruite vnripe sticks on the tree,
But fall vnshaken when they mellow bee.
Most necessary tis that we forget
To pay our selues what to our selues is debt,
What to our selues in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose,
The violence of eyther, grieve, or ioy,
Their owne ennaetures with themselves destroy,
Where ioy most reuels, grieve doth most lament,
Greefe ioy, ioy grieves, on slender accedent,
This world is not for aye, nor tis not strange,
That euen our loues should with our fortunes change:
For tis a question left vs yet to proue,
Whether loue lead fortune, or els fortune loue.
The great man downe, you marke his fauourite flies,

The Tragedie of Hamlet

The poore aduaunc'd, makes friends of enemies,
And hetherto doth loue on fortune tend,
For who not needes, shall neuer lacke a friend,
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But orderly to end where I begunne,
Our wills and fates doe so contrary runne,
That our deuises still are ouerthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne,
So thinke thou wilt no second husband wed,
But die thy thoughts when thy first Lord is dead.

Quee. Nor earth to me giue foode, nor heauen light,
Sport and repose lock from me day and night,
To desperation turne my trust and hope,
And Anchors cheere in prison be my scope,
Each opposite that blacks the face of ioy,
Meete what I would haue well, and it destroy,
Both heere and hence pursue me lasting strife,
If once I be a widdow, euer I be a wife.

Ham. If she should
breake it now.

King. Tis deeply sworne, sweet leaue me heere a while,
My spirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile
The tedious day with sleepe.

Quee. Sleepe rock thy braine,
And neuer come mischance betweene vs twaine.

Exeunt.

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Quee. The Lady doth protest too much mee thinks.

Ham. O but shee'le keepe her word.

King. Haue you heard the argument? is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but iest, poyson in iest, no offence i'th world.

King. What doe you call the play?

Ham. The Mousetrap, mary how tropically, this play is the Image
of a murther doone in *Vienna*, *Gonzago* is the Dukes name, his wife
Baptista, you shall see anon, tis a knauish peece of worke, but what of
that? your Maiestie, and wee that haue free soules, it touches vs not,
let the gauled Iade winch, our withers are vnwrong. This is one *Lu-*
cianus, Nephew to the King.

Enter Lucianus.

Oph. You are as good as a Chorus my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your loue

Prince of Denmarke.

If I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keene my lord, you are keene.

Ham. It would cost you a groning to take off mine edge.

Oph. Still better and worse.

Ham. So you mistake your husbands. Beginne murtherer, leaue thy damnable faces and begin, come, the croking Rauens doth bellow for reuenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugges fit, and time agreeing,
Considerat season els no creature seeing,
Thou mixture ranck, of midnight weedes collected,
VVith *Hecats* ban thrice blasted, thrice inuected,
Thy naturall magicke, and dire property,
On wholesome life vsurps immediatly.

Ham. A poysons him i'th Garden for his estate, his names *Gonzago*, the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian, you shall see anon how the murtherer gets the loue of *Gonzagoes* wife.

Oph. The King rises.

Quee. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Giue ore the play.

King. Giue me some light, away.

Pol. Lights, lights, lights.

Exeunt all but Ham. & Horatio.

Ham. Why let the strooken Deere goe weepe,
The Hart vngauld play,
For some must watch while some must sleepe,
Thus runnes the world away. Would not this fir & a forrest of feathers, if the rest of my fortunes turne Turk with me, with prouinciall
Roses on my raz'd shooes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players?

Hora. Halfe a share.

Ham. A whole one I.

For thou doost know oh *Damon* deere
This Realme dismantled was
Of *Ioue* himselfe, and now raignes heere
A very very paiock.

Hora. You might haue rym'd.

Ham. O good *Horatio*, Ile take the Ghosts word for a thousand pound. Did'st perceiue?

Hora. Very well my Lord.

Ham. Vpon the talke of the poyfning.

Hor. I did very well note him.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. Ah ha, come some musique, come the Recorders,
For if the King like not the Comedie,
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.
Come, some musique,

Enter Rosencraus and Gyldesterne.

Gyl. Good my Lord, voutsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir a whole historie.

Gyl. The King sir.

Ham. I sir, what of him?

Gyl. Is in his retirement meruillous distempred.

Ham. With drinke sir?

Gyl. No my Lord, with choller,

Ham. Your wisdom should shewe it selfe more richer to signifie
this to the Doctor, for, for mee to put him to his purgation, would
perhaps plunge him into more choller.

Gyl. Good my Lord put your discourse into some frame,
And stare not so wildly from my affaire.

Ham. I am tame sir, pronounce.

Gyl. The Queene your mother in most great affliction of spirit,
hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Gyl. Nay good my Lord, this curtesie is not of the right breede, if
it shall please you to make me a wholesome aunswere, I will doe your
mothers commaundement, if not, your pardon and my returne, shall
be the end of busines.

Ham. Sir I cannot.

Ros. What my Lord.

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer, my wits diseasd, but sir, such
answere as I can make, you shall commaund, or rather as you say, my
mother, therefore no more, but to the matter, my mother you say.

Ros. Then thus she sayes, your behauiour hath strooke her into a-
mazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful sonne that can so stonish a mother, but is there
no sequell at the heeles of this mothers admiration, impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother, haue you any
further trade with vs?

Ros. My Lord, you once did loue me.

Ham. And doe still by these pickers and stealers.

Ros.

Prince of Denmarke.

Ros. Good my Lord, what is your cause of distemper, you do surely barre the doore vpon your owne liberty if you deny your griefes to your friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke aduancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you haue the voyce of the King himselfe for your succession in Denmarke.

Enter the Players with Recorders.

Ham. I sir, but while the grasse growes, the prouerbe is something musty, ô the Recorders, let mee see one, to withdraw with you, why doe you goe about to recouer the wind of mee, as if you would driue me into a toyle?

Guy. O my lord, if my duty be too bold, my loue is too vnmanerly.

Ham. I do not wel vnderstand that, wil you play vpon this pipe?

Guy. My lord I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guy. Beleeue me I cannot.

Ham. I doe beseech you.

Guy. I know no touch of it my Lord.

Ham. It is as easie as lying; gouerne these ventages with your fingers, & the vंबर, giue it breath with your mouth, & it wil discourse most eloquent musique, looke you, these are the stops.

Guy. But these cannot I commaund to any vttrance of harmonie, I haue not the skill.

Ham. Why looke you now how vnwoorthy a thing you make of me, you would play vpon mee, you would seeme to know my stops, you would plucke out the hart of my mistery, you would sound mee from my lowest note to my compasse, and there is much musique excellent voyce in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak, s'bloud do you think I am easier to be plaid on then a pipe, call mee what instrument you wil, though you fret me not, you cannot play vpon me. God blesse you sir.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, the Queene would speake with you, & presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder clowd that's almost in shape of a Camel?

Pol. By'th masse and tis, like a Camell indeed.

Ham. Mee thinks it is like a Wezell.

Pol. It is backt like a Wezell.

Ham. Or like a Whale.

Pol. Very like a Whale.

Ham. Then

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Then I will come to my mother by and by,
They foole me to the top of my bent, I will come by & by,
Leaue me friends.

I will, say so. By and by is easily said,
Tis now the very witching time of night,
When Churchyards yawne, and hell it selfe breakes out
Contagion to this world: now could I drinke hote blood,
And doe such busines as the bitter day
Would quake to looke on: soft, now to my mother,
O hart loose not thy nature, let not euer
The soule of *Nero* enter this firme bosome,
Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall,
I will speake dagger to her, but vse none,
My tongue and soule in this be hypocrites,
How in my words someuer she be shent,
To giue them seales neuer my soule consent.

Exit.

Enter King, Rosencraus, and Gyl'densternes.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with vs
To let his madnes range, therefore prepare you,
I your commission will forth-with dispatch,
And he to *England* shall along with you,
The termes of our estate may not endure
Hazard so neer's as doth hourelly grow
Out of his browes.

Gyl. We will our selues prouide,
Most holy and religious feare it is
To keepe those many many bodies safe
That liue and feede vpon your Maiestie.

Ros. The single and peculier life is bound
With all the strength and armour of the mind
To keepe it selfe from noyance, but much more
That spirit, vpon whose weale depends and rests
The liues of many, the cesse of Maiestie
Dies not alone; but like a gulfe doth draw
What's neere it, with it, or it is a massie wheele
Fixt on the somner of the highest mount,
To whose hough ipokes, tenne thousand lesser things
Are mortelst and adioynd, which when it falls,

Each

Prince of Denmarke.

Each small annexment petty consequence
Attends the boystrous raine, neuer alone
Did the King sigh, but a generall grone.

King. Arme you I pray you to this speedy viage,
For we will fetters put about this feare
Which now goes too free-footed.

Ref. We will haſt vs. *Exeunt Gent.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, hee's going to his mothers cloſet,
Behind the Arras I'll conuay my ſelfe
To heare the proceſſe, I'll warrant ſhee'll tax him home,
And as you ſayd, and wiſely was it ſayd,
Tis meete that ſome more audience then a mother,
Since nature makes them parcial, ſhould ore-heare
The ſpeech of vantage; farre you well my Leige,
I'll call vpon you ere you goe to bed.
And tell you what I knowe. *Exit.*

King. Thankes deere my Lord.
O my offence is ranck, it ſmells to heauen,
It hath the primall eldeſt curſe vppont,
A brothers murther, pray can I not,
Though inclination be as ſharp as will,
My ſtronger guilt defeats my ſtrong entent,
And like a man to double buſſines bound,
I ſtand in pauſe where I ſhall firſt beginne,
And both neglect, what if this curſed hand
Were thicker then it ſelfe with brothers blood,
Is there not raine enough in the ſweete Heauens
To waſh it white as ſnowe, whereto ſerues mercy
But to confront the viſage of offence?
And what's in prayer but this two fold force,
To be foreſtalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon being downe, then I'll looke vp.
My fault is paſt, but oh what forme of prayer
Can ſerue my turne, forgiue me my foule murther,
That cannot be ſince I am ſtill poſſeſt
Of thoſe effects for which I did the murther;
My Crowne, mine owne ambition, and my Queene;

The Tragedie of Hamlet

May one be pardond and retaine th'offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offences guilded hand may shoue by iustice,
And oft tis seene the wicked prize it selfe
Buyes out the lawe, but tis not so aboue,
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature, and we our selues compeld
Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To giue in euidence, what then, what rests,
Try what repentance can, what can it not,
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O wretched state, ô bosome blacke as death,
O limed soule, that struggling to be free,
Art more ingaged; helpe Angels make assay,
Bowe stubborn knees, and hart with strings of steale,
Be soft as sinnewes of the new borne babe,
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I doe it, but now a is a praying,
And now Ile doo't, and so a goes to heauen,
And so am I reuendge, that would be scand
A villaine kills my father, and for that,
I his sole sonne, doe this same villaine send
To heauen.

Why, this is base and silly, not reuendge,
A tooke my father grossly full of bread,
Withall his crimes braod blowne, as flush as May,
And how his audit stands who knowes saue heauen,
But in our circumstance and course of thought,
Tis heauy with him: and am I then reuendged
To take him in the purging of his soule,
When he is fit and seasond for his passage?
No.

Vp sword, and knowe thou a more horrid hent,
When he is drunke, a sleepe, or in his rage,
Or in th'incessious pleasure of his bed,
At game a swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of saluation in't.

Then

Prince of Denmarke.

Then trip him that his heels may kick at heaven,
And that his soule may be as damnd and black
As hell whereto it goes; my mother staies,
This phisick but prolongs thy sickly daies. *Exit.*

King. My words fly vp, my thoughts remaine belowe
Words without thoughts neuer to heauen goe. *Exit.*

Enter Gertrard and Polonius.

Pol. A will come strait, looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his prancks haue beene too braod to beare with,
And that your grace hath screend and stood betweene
Much heate and him, Ile silence me euen heere,
Pray you be round.

Enter Hamlet.

Ger. Ile wait you, feare me not,
With-drawe, I heare him comming.

Ham. Now mother, what's the matter?

Ger. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you haue my father much offended.

Ger. Come, come, you answere with an idle tongue.

Ham. Goe, goe, you question with a wicked tongue.

Ger. Why how now Hamlet?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Ger. Haue you forgot me?

Ham. No by the rood not so,

You are the Queene, your husbands brothers wife,
And would it were not so, you are my mother.

Ger. Nay, then Ile set those to you that can speake.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you downe, you shall not boudge,
You goe not till I set you vp a glasse
Where you may see the most part of you.

Ger. What wilt thou doe, thou wilt not murther me,
Helpe how.

Pol. What how helpe.

Ham. How now, a Rat, dead for a Duckat, dead.

Pol. O I am slaine.

Ger. O me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay I knowe not, is it the King?

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ger. O what a rash and bloody deede is this.

Ham. A bloody deede, almost as bad, good mother
As kill a King, and marry with his brother.

Ger. As kill a King.

Ham. I Lady, it was my word.

Thou wretched, rash, intruding foole farwell,
I tooke thee for thy better, take thy fortune,
Thou find'st to be too busie is some danger,
Leaue wringing of your hands, peace sit you downe,
And let me wring your hart, for so I shall
If it be made of penitrable stufte,
If damned custome haue not brasd it so,
That it be prooffe and bulwark against sence.

Ger. What haue I done, that thou dar'st wagge thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act

That blurres the grace and blush of modesty,
Cals vertue hippocrit, takes of the Rose
From the faire forehead of an innocent loue,
And sets a blister there, makes marriage vowes
As false as dicers oathes, ô such a deede,
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soule, and sweet religion makes
A rapsedy of words; heauens face dooes glowe
Ore this solidity and compound masse
With heated visage, as against the doome
Is thought sick at the act

Quee. Ay me, what act?

Ham. That roares so low'd, and thunders in the Index,
Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers,
See what a grace was seated on this browe,
Hyperions curles, the front of *Ioue* himselfe,
An eye like *Mars*, to threaten and command,
A station like the herald *Mercury*,
New lighted on a heaue, a kissing hill,
A combination, and a forme indeede,
Where euery God did seeme to set his scale
To giue the world assurance of a man,

Prince of Denmarke.

This was your husband, looke you now what followes,
Heere is your husband like a mildewed care,
Blasting his wholsome brother, haue you eyes,
Could you on this faire mountaine leaue to feede,
And batten on this Moore ; ha, haue you eyes ?
You cannot call it loue, for at your age
The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits vppon the iudgement, and what iudgement
Would step from this to this, sence sure youe haue
Els could you not haue motion, but sure that sence
Is appoplext, for madnesse would not erre
Nor sence to extacie was nere so thral'd
But it referu'd some quantity of choise
To serue in such a difference, what deuill wast
That thus hath cosund you at hodman blind ;
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Eares without hands, or eyes, smelling sence all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sence
Could not so mope : ô shame where is thy blush ?
Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,
To flaming youth let vertue be as wax
And melt in her owne fire, proclaime no shame
When the compulsiue ardure giues the charge,
Since frost it selfe as actiuelly doth burne,
And reason pardons will.

Ger. O *Hamlet* speake no more,
Thou turnst my very eyes into my soule,
And there I see such blacke and greeced spots
As will leaue there their tin'ct.

Ham. Nay but to liue
In the ranck sweat of an inseeded bed
Stewed in corruption, honying, and making loue
Ouer the nasty stie.

Ger. O speake to me no more,
These words like daggers enter in my eares,
No more sweete *Hamlet*.

Ham. A murtherer and a villaine,
A slaue that is not twentieth part the kyth

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Of your precedent Lord, a vice of Kings,
A cut-purse of the Empire and the rule,
That from a shelve the precious Diadem stole
And put it in his pocket.

Ger. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of shreds and patches,
Saue me and houer ore me with your wings
You heavenly gards : what would your gracious figure?

Ger. Alas hee's mad.

Ham. Doe you not come your tardy sonne to chide,
That lap't in time and passion lets goe by
Th'important acting of your dread command, ô say.

Ghost. Doe not forget, this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose,
But looke, amazement on thy mother sits,
O step betweene her, and her fighting soule,
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest workes,
Speake to her *Hamlet*.

Ham. How is it with you Lady?

Ger. Alas how i'st with you?

That you doe bend your eye on vacancie,
And with th'incorporall ayre doe hold discourse,
Foorth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,
And as the sleeping souldiers in th'alarme,
Your bedded haire like life in excrements
Start vp and stand an end, ô gentle sonne
Vpon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinckle coole patience, whereon doe you looke.?

Ham. On him, on him, looke you how pale he glares,
His forme and cause conioynd, preaching to stones
Would make them capable, doe not looke vpon me,
Least with this pittious action you conuert
My stearne effects, then what I haue to doe
Will want true cullour, teares perchance for blood.

Ger. To whom doe you speake this?

Ham. Doe you see nothing there?

Ger. Nothing at all, yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?

Ger. No nothing but our selues.

Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. Why looke you there, looke how it steales away,
My father in his habit as he liued,
Looke where he goes, euen now out at the portall.

Exit Ghost.

Ger. This is the very coynage of your braine,
This bodiless creation extacie is very cunning in.

Ham. My pulse as yours doth temperatly keepe time,
And makes as healthfull musicke, it is not madnesse
That I haue vttered, bring me to the test,
And the matter will reword, which madnesse
Would gambole from, mother for loue of grace,
Lay not that flattering vnction to your soule
That not your trespassse but my madnesse speakes,
It will but skin and filme the vlcerous place
Whiles ranck corruption mining all within
Infects vnseene, confesse your selfe to heauen,
Repent what's past, auoyd what is to come,
And doe not spread the compost on the weedes
To make them rancker, forgiue me this my vertue,
For in the fatnesse of these pursie times
Vertue it selfe of vice must pardon beg,
Yea curbe and wooe for leaue to doe him good.

Ger. O *Hamlet* thou hast cleft my hart in twaine.

Ham. O throwe away the worser part of it,
And leaue the purer with the other halfe,
Good night, but goe not to my Vncles bed,
Assune a vertue if you haue it not,
That monster custome, who all sence doth eate
Of habits deuill, is angell yet in this
That to the vse of actions faire and good,
He likewise giues a frock or Liuary
That aptly is put on to refraine night,
And that shall lend a kind of easines
To the next abstinence, the next more easie:
For vse almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either the deuill, or throwe him out
With wonderous potency: once more good night,
And when you are desirous to be blest,
Ile blessing beg of you, for this same Lord
I doe repent; but heauen hath pleasd it so

The Tragedie of Hamlet

To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister,
I will bestowe him and will answere well
The death I gaue him; so againe good night
I must be cruell only to be kinde,
This bad beginnes, and worse remaines behind.
One word more good Lady.

Ger. What shall I doe?

Ham. Not this by no meanes that I bid you doe,
Let the blowt King temp't you againe to bed,
Pinch wanton on your cheeke, call you his Mousse,
And let him for a paire of reechie kisses,
Or padling in your necke with his damn'd fingers.
Make you to rouell all this matter out
That I essentially am not in madnesse,
But mad in craft, t'were good you let him knowe,
For who that's but a Queene, faire, sober, wise,
Would from a paddack, from a bat, a gib,
Such deare concernings hide, who would doe so,
No, in dispight of sence and secrecy,
Vnpeg the basket on the houses top,
Let the birds fly, and like the famous Ape,
To try conclusions in the basket creepe,
And breake your owne necke downe.

Ger. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath
And breath of life, I haue no life to breath
What thou hast sayd to me.

Ham. I must to *England*, you knowe that.

Ger. Alack I had forgot.
Tis so concluded on.

Ham. Ther's letters seald, and my two Schoolefellowes,
Whom I will trust as I will Adders fang'd,
They beare the mandat, they must sweep my way
And marshall me to knauery: let it worke,
For tis the sport to haue the enginer
Hoist with his owne petar, an't shall goe hard
But I will delue one yard belowe their mines,
And blowe them at the Moone: ô tis most sweete
When in one line two crafts directly meete,

Prince of Denmarke.

This man shall set me packing,
He lugges the guts into the neighbour roome;
Mother good night indeed, this Counsayler
Is now most still, most secret, and most graue,
Who was in life a most foolish prating knaue.
Come sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night mother. *Exit.*

*Eenter King, and Queene, with Rosencrans
and Gwyldensterne.*

King. There's matter in these sighes, these profound heaues,
You must translate, tis fit we vnderstand them,
Where is your sonne?

Ger. Bestow this place on vs a little while.
Ah mine owne Lord, what haue I scene to night?

King. What *Gertrard*, how dooes *Hamlet*?

Ger. Mad as the sea and wind when both contend
Which is the mightier, in his lawlesse fit,
Behind the Arras hearing something stirre,
Whyps out his Rapier, cryes a Rat, a Rat,
And in this brainish apprehension kills
The vnscene good old man.

King. O heauy deede!
It had beene so with vs had wee been there,
His libertie is full of threates to all,
To you your selfe, to vs, to euery one,
Alas, how shall this bloody deede be answer'd?
It will be layd to vs, whose prouidence
Should haue kept short, restraind, and out of haunt
This mad young man; but so much was our loue,
We would not vnderstand what was most fit,
But like the owner of a foule disease
To keepe it from divulging, let it feede
Euen on the pith of life: where is he gone?

Ger. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
Ore whom, his very madnes like some ore
Among a minerall of mettals base,
Shoves it selfe pure, a weepes for what is done.

King. O *Gertrard*, come away,

The Tragedie of Hamlet

The sunne no sooner shall the mountaines touch,
But we will ship him hence, and this vile deede
We must with all our Maiestie and skill *Enter Ros. & Guild.*
Both countenance and excuse. Ho *Guyldensterne*,
Friends both, goe ioyne you with some further ayde,
Hamlet in madnes hath *Polonius* slaine,
And from his mothers closet hath he dreg'd him,
Goe seeke him out, speake fayre, and bring the body
Into the Chappell; I pray you hast in this,
Come *Gertrard*, wee'le call vp our wisest friends,
And let them know both what we meane to doe
And whats vntimely doone,
Whose whisper ore the worlds dyameter,
As leuell as the Cannon to his blanck,
Transports his poyshed shot, may misse our Name,
And hit the woundlesse ayre, ô come away,
My soule is full of discord and dismay. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Rosencraus, and others.

Ham. Safely stowd, but soft, what noyse, who calls on *Hamlet*?
O heere they come.

Ros. What haue you doone my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Compound it with dust whereto tis kin.

Ros. Tell vs where tis that we may take it thence,
And beare it to the Chappell.

Ham. Doe not beleeeue it,

Ros. Beleeeue what.

Ham. That I can keepe your counsaile & not mine owne, besides
to be demaunded of a sponge, what replication should be made by
the sonne of a King.

Ros. Take you me for a sponge my Lord?

Ham. I sir, that sokes vp the Kings countenance, his rewards, his
authorities, but such Officers doe the King best service in the end, he
keepe them like an apple in the corner of his iaw, first mouth'd to be
last swallowed, when hee needs what you haue gleand, it is but squee-
cing you, and sponge you shall be dry againe.

Ros. I vnderstand you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it, a knauish speech sleepes in a foolish care.

Ros. My Lord, you must tell vs where the body is, and goe with vs
to the King.

Hamlet.

Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King is a thing.

Guy. A thing my Lord.

Ham. Of nothing, bring me to him: *Exeunt.*

Enter King, and two or three.

King. I haue sent to seeke him, and to find the body,
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose,
Yet must not we put the strong Law on him,
Hee's lou'd of the distracted multitude,
V Who like not in their iudgement, but theyr eyes,
And where tis so, th'offenders scourge is wayed
But neuer the offence: to beare all smooth and euen,
This suddaine sending him away must seeme
Deliberate pause, diseases desperat growne,
By desperat applyance are relieu'd
Or not at all.

Enter Rosencrans and all the rest.

King. How now, what hath befallne?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestowd my Lord
V Ve cannot get from him.

King. But where is hee?

Ros. Without my lord, guarded to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before vs.

Ros. How, bring in the Lord. *They enter.*

King. Now Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper, where.

Ham. Not where he eates, but where a is eaten, a certaine conu-
cation of politique wormes are een at him: your worme is your onely
Emperour for dyet, we eat all creatures els to fat vs, and wee fat our
selues for maggots, your fat King and your leane begger is but varia-
ble seruice, two dishes but to one table, that's the end.

King. Alas, alas.

Ham. A man may fish with the worme that hath eate of a King, &
eate of the fish that hath fedde of that worme.

King. *King.* V What doost thou meane by this?

Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may goe a progresse
through

The Tragedie of Hamlet

through the guts of a begger.

King. Where is *Polonius*?

Ham. In heauen, send thether to see, if your messenger finde him not thre, seeke him ith other place your selfe, but if indeed you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you goe vp the stayres into the Lobby.

King. Goe seeke him there.

Ham. A will stay till you come.

King. *Hamlet* this deede for thine especiall safety Which we do tender, as we deerely grieue For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence. Therefore prepare thy selfe, The Barck is ready, and the wind at helpe, Th'associats tend, and euery thing is bent For *England*.

Ham. For *England*.

King. I *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a Cherub that sees the, but come for *England*, Farewell deere Mother.

King. Thy louing Father *Hamlet*.

Ham. My mother, Father and Mother is man and wife, Man and wife is one flesh, so my mother : Come for *England*. *Exit.*

King. Follow him at foote,
Tempt him with speede aboard,
Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night.
Away, for euery thing is seald and done
That els leanes on th'affayre, pray you make hast,
And *England*, if my loue thou hold'st at ought,
As my great power thereof may giue thee sence,
Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red,
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Payes homage to vs, thou mayst not coldly see
Our soueraigne-processe, which imports at full
By Letters congruing to that effect
The present death of *Hamlet*, doe it *England*,
For like the Hecstique in my blood he rages,

And

Prince of Denmarke.

And thou must cure me; till I know tis done,
How ere my haps, my ioyes will nere begin. *Exit.*

Enter Fortinbrasse with his Army ouer the Stage.

Fortin. Goe Captaine, from me greet the Danish King,
Tell him, that by his lycence *Fortinbrasse*
Craues the conueyance of a promisd march
Ouer his kingdome, you know the randeuous,
If that his Maiestie would ought with vs,
We shall expresse our dutie in his eye,
And let him know so.

Cap. I will doo't my Lord.

For. Goe softly on.

Enter Hamlet, Rosencraus, &c.

Ham. Good sir whose powers are these?

Cap. They are of *Norway* sir.

Ham. How purposed sir I pray you?

Cap. Against some part of *Poland*.

Ham. Who commaunds them sir?

Cap. The Nephew to old *Norway*, *Fortenbrasse*.

Ham. Goes it against the maine of *Poland* sir,
Or for some frontire?

Cap. Truly to speake, and with no addition,
We goe to gaine a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name
To pay five duckets, five I would not farme it;
Nor will it yeeld to *Norway* or the *Pole*
A rancker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why then the *Pollucke* neuer will defend it.

Cap. Yes, it is already garisond.

Ham. Two thousand soules, & twenty thousand duckets
VVill not debate the question of this straw,
'This is th' Impostume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breakes, and shoves no cause without
Why the man dies. I humbly thanke you sir.

Cap. God buy you sir.

Ros. Wil't please you goe my Lord?

Ham. Ile be with you straight, goe a little before.

How all occasions doe informe against me,

The Tragedie of Hamlet

And spur my dull reuenge. What is a man
If his chiefe good and market of his time
Be but to sleepe and feede, a beast, no more :
Sure he that made vs with such large discourse
Looking before and after, gaue vs not
That capabilitie and god-like reason
To fust in vs vnyd, now whether it be
Bestiall obliuion, or some crauen scruple
Of thinking too precisely on th'euent,
A thought which quarterd hath but one part wisdom,
And euer three parts coward, I doe not know
Why yet I liue to say this thing's to doe,
Sith I haue cause, and will, and strength, and meanes
To doo't; examples grosse as earth exhort me,
Witnes this Army of such masse and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
Whose spirit with diuine ambition pufte,
Makes mouthes at the invisible euent,
Exposing what is mortall, and vnſure,
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Euen for an Egge-shell. Rightly to be great,
Is not to stirre without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrell in a straw
When honour's at the stake, how stand I then
That haue a father kild, a mother staine'd,
Excytements of my reason, and my blood,
And let all sleepe, while to my shame I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That for a fantasie and tricke of fame
Goe to their graues like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tombe enough and continent
To hide the flaine, ô from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth. *Exit.*

Enter Horatio, Gertrard, and a Gentleman.

Quee. I will not speake with her.

Gent. Shee is importunat,

Indeepe distrust, her moode will needes be pittied.

Quee.

Prince of Denmarke.

Quee. What would she haue?

Gent. She speakes much of her father, sayes she heares
There's tricks i'th world, and hems, and beates her hart,
Spurnes enuiously at strawes, speakes things in doubt
That carry but halfe sence, her speech is nothing,
Yet the vnshaped vse of it doth moue
The hearers to collection, they yawne at it,
And botch the words vp fit to theyr owne thoughts,
Which as her wincks, and nods, and gestures yeeld them,
Indeede would make one thinke there might be thought
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Hora. Twere good she were spoken with, for shee may strew
Dangerous coniectures in ill breeding mindes,
Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Quee. 'To my sicke soule, as sinnes true nature is,
'Each toy seemes prologue to some great amisse,
'So full of artlesse ieaiousie is guilt,
'It spills it selfe, in fearing to be spylt.

Oph. Where is the beautilous Maiestie of Denmarke?

Quee. How now *Ophelia*?

shee sings.

Oph. How should I your true loue know from another one,
By his cockle hat and staffe, and his Sendall shoone.

Quee. Alas sweet Lady, what imports this long?

Oph. Say you, nay pray you marke,
He is dead & gone Lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a grasgreene turph, at his heeles a stone.

Song.

O ho.

Quee. Nay but *Ophelia*.

Oph. Pray you marke. White his shrowd as the mountaine snow.

Enter King.

Quee. Alas looke heere my Lord.

Oph. Larded all with sweet flowers,
Which beweept to the ground did not go
With true loue showers;

Song.

King. How doe you pretty Lady?

Oph. Well good dild you, they say the Owle was a Bakers daughter,
Lord we know what we are, but know not what we may be.
God be at your table.

King.

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King. Conceit vpon her Father.

Oph. Pray lets haue no words of this, but when they aske you what it meanes, say you this.

To morrow is S. Valentines day,

Song.

All in the morning betime,

And I a mayde at your window

To be your Valentine.

Then vp he rose, and dond his close, and dupt the chamber doore,

Let in the maide, that out a maide, neuer departed more.

King. Pretty *Ophelia*.

Oph. Indeepe without an oath Ile make an end on't,

By gis and by Saint Charitie,

alack and fie for shame,

Young men will doo't if they come too't,

by Cock they are too blame.

Quoth she, Before you tumbled me, you promised me to wed,

(He answers.) So would I a done by yonder sunne

And thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she beene thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well, we must be patient, but I cannot chuse but weepe to thinke they would lay him i'th cold ground, my brother shall know of it, and so I thanke you for your good counsaile. Come my Coach, God night Ladies, god night.

Sweet Ladyes god night, god night.

King. Follow her close, giue her good watch I pray you.

O this is the poyson of deepe griefe, it springs all from her Fathers death, and now behold, ô *Gertrard*, *Gertrard*,

When sorrowes come, they come not single spyes,

But in battalians: first her Father slaine,

Next, your sonne gone, and he most violent Author

Of his owne iust remoue, the people muddied

Thick and vnwholsome in thoughts, and whispers

For good *Polonius* death: and we haue done but greenly

In hugger mugger to inter him: poore *Ophelia*

Deuided from herselfe, and her faire iudgement,

V Without the which we are pictures, or meere beasts,

Last, and as much contayning as all these,

Her brother is in secret come from Fraunce,

Feeds on this wonder, keepes himselfe in clowdes,

And

Prince of Denmarke.

And wants not buzzers to infect his eare
With pestilent speeches of his fathers death,
Wherein necessity of matter beggerd,
Will nothing stick our person to arraigne
In eare and eare: ô my deare *Gertrard*, this
Like to a murdring peece in many places
Giues me superfluous death.

A noise within.

Enter a Messenger.

King. Attend, where is my Swiflers, let them guard the doore,
What is the matter?

Messen. Saue your selfe my Lord.
The Ocean ouer-peering of his list
Eates not the flats with more impitious hast
Then young *Laertes* in a riotous head
Ore beares your Officres: the rabble call him Lord,
And as the world were now but to beginne,
Antiquity forgot, custome not knowne,
The ratifiers and props of euery word,
The cry choose we, *Laertes* shall be King,
Caps, hands, and tongues applau'd it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be King, *Laertes* King.

Quee. How cheerefully on the false traile they cry. (*A noise within.*)
O this is counter you false Danish dogges.

Enter Laertes with others.

King. The doores are broke.

Laer. Where is this King? sirs stand you all without.

All. No lets come in.

Laer. I pray you giue me leaue.

All. VVe will, we will.

Laer. I thanke you, keepe the doore, ô thou vile King,
Giue me my father.

Quee. Calmely good *Laertes*.

Laer. That drop of blood thats calme proclames me Bastard,
Cries cuckold to my father, brands the Harlot
Euen heere betweene the chaste vnsmirched browe
Of my true mother.

King. VVhat is the cause *Laertes*
That thy rebellion lookes so gyant like?

L.

Lct

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Let him goe *Gertrard*, doe not feare our person,
There's such diuinitie doth hedge a King,
That treason can but peepe to what it would,
And's little of his will, tell me *Laertes*
Why thou art thus incens'd, let him goe *Gertrard*.
Speake man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Quee. But not by him.

King. Let him demandaund his fill.

Laer. How came he dead, I'll not be iugled with,
To hell allegiance, vowes to the blackest deuill,
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit
I dare damnation, to this poynt I stand,
That both the worlds I giue to negligence,
Let come what comes, onely I'll be reueng'd
Most throughly for my father.

King. Who shall slay you?

Laer. My will, not all the worlds:
And for my meanes I'll husband them so well,
They shall goe farre with little.

King. Good *Laertes*, if you desire to know the certainty
Of your deere Father, I'll writ in your reuenge,
That soopstake, you will draw both friend and foe
Winner and looser.

Laer. None but his enemies,

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my armes,
And like the kind life-rendring Pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why now you speake
Like a good child, and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltlesse of your fathers death,
And am most sencibly in griefe for it,
It shall as leuell to your iudgement pearce
As day dooes to your eye.

A noyse within.

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. Let her come in.
How now, what noyse is that?

Prince of Denmarke.

O heate, dry vp my braines, teares seauen times salt
Burne out the sence and vertue of mine eye,
By heauen thy madnes shall be payd with weight
Tell our scale turne the beame. O Rose of May,
Deere mayd, kind sister, sweet *Ophelia*,
O heauens, ist possible a young maids wits
Should be as mortall as a poore mans life.

Oph. They bore him bare-falle on the Beere,
And in his graue rain'd many a teare,
Fare you well my Doue.

Song.

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and did'st perswade reuenge
It could not mooue thus.

Oph. You must sing a downe a downe,
And you call him a downe a. O how the wheele becomes it,
It is the false Steward that stole his Maisters daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more then matter.

Oph. There's Rosemary, thats for remembrance, pray you loue re-
member, and there is Pancies, thats for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madnes, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's Fennill for you, and Colembines, there's Rewe for
you, & heere's some for me, we may call it herbe of Grace a Sondaies,
you may weare your Rewe with a difference, there's a Daisie. I would
giue you some Violets, but they witherd all when my Father dyed,
they say a made a good end.

For bonny sweet Robin is all my ioy.

Laer. Thought and afflictions, passion, hell it selfe
She turnes to fauour and to prettines.

Oph. And wil a not come againe,
And wil a not come againe,
No, no, he is dead, goe to thy death bed,
He neuer will come againe.

Song.

His beard was as white as snow,
Flaxen was his pole,
He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away mone,
God a mercy on his soule, and of all Christians soules,
God buy you.

Laer. Doe you this ô God.

King. *Laertes*, I must commune with your grieffe,
Or you deny me right, goe but apart,

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall heare and iudge twixt you and me,
If by direct, or by colaturall hand
They find vs toucht, we will our kingdome giue,
Our crowne, our life, and all that we call ours
To you in satisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to vs,
And we shall ioyntly labour with your soule
To giue it due content.

Laer. Let this be so.

His meanes of death, his obscure funerall,
No trophe sword, nor hatchment ore his bones,
No noble right, nor formall ostentation,
Cry to be heard as twere from heauen to earth,
That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall,
And where th'offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you goe with me. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio and others.

Hora. V What are they that would speake with me?

Gent. Sea-faring men sir, they say they haue Letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in.

I doe not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted. If not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter Saylers.

Say. God blesse you sir.

Hora. Let him blesse thee to.

Say. A shall sir and please him, there's a Letter for you sir, it came
frō th'Embassador that was bound for *England*, if your name be *Ho-*
ratio, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. *Horatio*, when thou shalt haue ouer-lookt this, giue these fel-
lowes some meanes to the King, they haue Letters for him: Ere wee
were two daies old at Sea, a Pyrat of very warlike appointment gaue
vs chase, finding our selues too slow of saile, wee put on a compelled
valour, and in the grapple I boorded them, on the instant they got
cleere of our shyp, so I alone became theyr prisoner, they haue dealt
with me like thieues of mercie, but they knew what they did, I am to
doe a turne for them, let the King haue the Letters I haue sent, and
repayre thou to me with as much speede as thou wouldest flie death,
I haue wordes to speake in thine care will make thee dumbe, yet are
they

Prince of Denmarke.

they much too light for the bord of the matter, these good fellowes will bring thee where I am, *Rosencrans* and *Guydensterne* hold theyr course for *England*, of them I haue much to tell thee, farewell.

So that thou knowest thine Hamlet.

Hor. Come I will you way for these your letters,
And doo't the speedier that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. *Exeunt.*

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seale,
And you must put me in your hart for friend,
Sith you haue heard and with a knowing care,
That he which hath your noble father slaine
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appeares: but tell mee
Why you proceede not against these feates
So criminall and so capitall in nature,
As by your safetie, greatnes, wisdom, all things els
You mainly were stirr'd vp.

King. O for two speciall reasons
Which may to you perhaps seeme much vnfinnow'd,
But yet to mee thar strong, the Queene his mother
Liues almost by his lookes, and for my selfe,
My vertue or my plague, be it eyther which,
She is so conclue to my life and soule,
That as the starre mooues not but in his sphere
I could not but by her, the other motiue,
Why to a publique count I might not goe,
Is the great loue the generall gender beare him,
Who dipping all his faults in theyr affection,
Worke like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Conuert his Giues to graces, so that my arrowes
Too slightly tymberd for so loued Arm'd,
Would haue reuerted to my bowe againe,
But not where I haue aym'd them.

Laer. And so haue I a noble father lost,
A sister driuen into desprat termes,
Whose worth, if prayses may goe backe againe

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections, but my reuenge will come.

King. Breake not your sleepes for that, you must not thinke
That we are made of stuffe so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shooke with danger,
And thinke it pastime, you shortly shall heare more,
I loued your father, and we loue our selfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine.

Enter a Messenger with Letters.

Messen. These to your Maiestie, this to the Queene:

King. From Hamlet, who brought them?

Mess. Saylers my Lord they say, I saw them not,
They were giuen me by *Claudio*, he receiued them
Of him that brought them.

King. *Laertes* you shall heare them: leaue vs.
High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your kingdom,
to morrow shall I begge leaue to see your kingly eyes, when I shal first
asking you pardon, there-vnto recount the occasion of my suddaine
returne.

King. What should this meane, are all the rest come backe,
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. Tis *Hamlets* character. Naked,
And in a postscript heere he sayes alone,
Can you deuise me?

Laer. I am lost in it my Lord, but let him come,
It warms the very sicknes in my hart
That I liue and tell him to his teeth
Thus didst thou.

King. If it be so *Laertes*,
As how should it be so, how otherwise,
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. I my Lord, so you will not ore rule me to a peace.

King. To thine owne peace, if he be now returned
As the King at his voyage, and that he meanes
No more to vnderrake it, I will worke him
To an exployt, now ripe in my deuise,
Vnder the which he shall not choose but fall:

And

Prince of Denmarke.

And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
But euen his Mother shall vncharge the practise,
And call it accident.

Laer. My Lord I will be rul'd,
The rather if you could deuise it so
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right,
You haue beene talkt of since your trauaile much,
And that in *Hamlets* hearing, for a qualitie
Wherein they say you shine, your summe of parts
Did not together plucke such enuie from him
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the vnworthiest sledge.

Laer. What part is that my Lord?

King. A very ribaud in the cap of youth,
Yet needfull to, for youth no lesse becomes
The light and carelesse liuery that it weares
Then settled age, his sables, and his weedes
Importing health and grauenes; two months since
Heere was a gentleman of *Normandy*,
I haue seene my selfe, and seru'd against the French,
And they can well on horsebacke, but this gallant
Had witch-craft in't, he grew vnto his seate,
And to such wondrous dooing brought his horse,
As had he beene incorp'd, and demy natur'd
With the braue beast, so farre he topt me thought,
That I in forgerie of shapes and tricks
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman wast?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Vppon my life *Lamord*.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well, he is the brooch indeed
And Iem of all the Nation.

King. He made confession of you,
And gaue you such a masterly report
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your Rapier most especiall,
That he cride out t'would be a sight indeed.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

If one could match you; the Scrimures of their nation
He swore had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you opposed them; for this report of his
Did *Hamlet* so enuenuome with his enuy,
That he could nothing doe but wish and beg
Your sodaine comming ore to play with you.
Now out of this.

Laer. What out of this my Lord?

King. *Laertes* was your father deare to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrowe,
A face without a hart?

Laer. Why aske you this?

King. Not that I thinke you did not loue your father,
But that I knowe, loue is begunne by time,
And that I see in passages of prooffe,
Time qualifies the sparke and fire of it,
There liues within the very flame of loue
A kind of weeke or snufe that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodnes still,
For goodnes growing to a plurisie,
Dies in his owne too much, that we would doe
We should doe when we would: for this would changes,
And hath abatements and delayes as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accedents,
And then this should is like a spend thrifts sigh,
That hurts by easing; but to the quick of th'vicer,
Hamlet comes back, what would you vndertake
To shewe your selfe indeede your fathers sonne
More then in words?

Laer. To cut his thraot i'th Church.

King. No place indeede should murther sanctuarise,
Reuendge should haue no bounds: but good *Laertes*
Will you doe this, keepe close within your chamber,
Hamlet return'd, shall knowe you are come home,
Weele put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The french man gaue you, bring you in fine together
And wager ore your heads; he being remisse,
Most generous, and free from all contriuing,

Prince of Denmarke.

Will not peruse the foyles, so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword vnbatred, and in a pace of practise
Requite him for your Father.

Laer. I will doo't,
And for purpose, Ile annoynt my sword.
I bought an vnction of a Mountibanck
So mortall, that but dippe a knife in it,
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplasme so rare,
Collected from all simples that haue vertue
Vnder the Moone, can saue the thing from death
That is but scratcht withall, Ile tutch my point
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly, it may be death.

King. Lets further thinke of this.
Wee what conuenience both of time and meanes
May fit vs to our shape if this should fayle,
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
Twere better not assayd, therefore this proiect,
Should haue a back or second that might hold
If this did blast in prooffe; soft let me see,
Wee'le make a solemne wager on your cunnings,
I hate, when in your motion you are hote and dry,
As make your bouts more violent to that end,
And that he calls for drinke, Ile haue prefard him
A Challice for the nonce, whereon but sipping,
If he by chaunce escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there; but stay, what noyse?

Enter Queene.

Quee. One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,
So fast they follow; your Sisters drownd *Laertes.*

Laer. Drown'd, ô where?

Quee. There is a Willow growes ascaunt the Brooke,
That shoves his horry leaues in the glassy streame,
Therewith fantastique garlands did she make
Of Crowflowers, Nettles, Daisies, and long Purples
That liberall Shepheards giue a grosser name,
But our cull-cold maydes doe dead mens fingers call them.
There on the pendant boughes her coronet weeds

M.

Clambring

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Clambring to hang, an enuious fluer broke,
When downe her weedy trophies and her selfe
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her clothes spred wide,
And Marmaide like awhile they bore her vp,
Which time she chaunted snatches of old laudes,
As one incapable of her owne distresse,
Or like a creature native and indewed
Vnto that element, but long it could not be
Till that her garments heauy with theyr drinke,
Puld the poore wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas, then she is drownd.

Quse. Drownd, drownd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou poore *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my teares; but yet
It is our tricke, nature her custome holds,
Let shame say what it will, when these are gone,
The woman will be out. Adiew my Lord,
I haue a speech a fire that faine would blase,
But that this folly drownes it. *Exit.*

King. Let's follow *Gertrard*,
How much I had to doe to calme his rage,
Now feare I this will giue it start againe,
Therefore lets follow. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Clownes.

Clowne. Is shee to be buried in Christian buriall, when she wilfully
seekes her owne saluation?

Other. I tell thee she is, therefore make her graue straight, the crow-
ner hath sate on her, and finds it Christian buriall.

Clowne. How can that be, vnlesse she drown'd herselfe in her owne
defence.

Other. Why tis found so.

Clowne. It must be so offended, it cannot be els, for heere lyes the
poynt, if I drowne my selfe wittingly, it argues an act, & an act hath
three branches, it is to act, to doe, to performe, or all; she drownd her
selfe wittingly.

Other. Nay, but heare you good man deluer.

Clowne. Giue mee leaue, here lyes the water, good, here stands the
man,

Prince of Denmarke.

man, good, if the man goe to this water & drowne himselfe, it is will he, nill he, he goes, marke you that, but if the water come to him, & drowne him, he drownes not himselfe, argall, he that is not guilty of his owne death, shortens not his owne life.

Other. But is this law?

Clowne. I marry i't, Crowners quest law.

Other. Will you ha the truth an't, if this had not beene a gentlewoman, she should haue been buried out a christian buriall.

Clowne. Why there thou sayst, and the more pittie that great folke should haue countnaunce in this world to drowne or hang theselues, more then theyr euen Christen: Come my spade, there is no auncient gentlemen but Gardners, Ditchers, and Grauemakers, they hold vp Adams profission.

Other. Was he a gentleman?

Clowne. A was the first that euer bore Armes.

He put another question to thee, if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confesse thy selfe.

Other. Goe to.

Clow. What is he that builds stronger then eyther the Mason, the Shypwright, or the Carpenter.

Other. The gallowes maker, for that out-lives a thousand tenants.

Clowne. I like thy wit well in good fayth, the gallowes dooes well, but howe dooes it well? It dooes well to those that do ill, nowe thou doost ill to say the gallowes is built stronger then the Church, argall, the gallowes may doe well to thee. Too't againe, come.

Other. V Vho buildes stronger then a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter.

Clowne. I, tell me that and vnyoke.

Other. Marry now I can tell.

Clowne. Too't.

Other. Maile I cannot tell.

Clow. Cudgell thy braines no more about it, for your dull asse wil not mend his pace with beating, and when you are askt this question next, say a graue-maker, the houses hee makes lasts till Doomesday. Goe get thee in, and fetch mee a soope of liquer.

In youth when I did loue did I, *Song.*

Me thought it was very sweet

To contract ô the time for a my behoue,

O me thought there a was nothing a meet.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Has this fellowe no feeling of his busines? a sings in graue-making.

Hora. Custome hath made it in him a propertie of easines.

Ham. Tis een so, the hand of little imploiment hath the dintier sence

Clow. But age with his stealing steppes *Song.*

hath clawed me in his clutch,

And hath shipped me into the land,

as if I had neuer been such.

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once, how the knaue iowles it to the ground, as if twere Caines iawbone, that did the first murder, this might be the pate of a politician, which this asse now ore-reaches; one that would circumuent God, might it not?

Hora. It might my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could say good morrow sweet lord, how doost thou sweet lord? This might be my Lord such a one, that praised my lord such a ones horse when a went to beg it, might it not?

Hor. I my Lord.

Ham. Why een so, & now my Lady wormes Choples, & knockt about the massene with a Sextens spade; heere's fine reuolution and we had the tricke to see't, did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggits with them: mine ake to thinke on't.

Clow. A pickax and a spade a spade, *Song.*

for and a shrowding sheet,

O a pit of Clay for to be made

for such a guest is meet.

Ham. There's another, why may not that be the skull of a Lawyer, where be his quiddities now, his quillites, his cases, his tenurs, and his tricks? why dooes he suffer this madde knaue now to knocke him about the sconce with a durrie shouell, and will not tell him of his action of battery, hum, this fellowe might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statuts, his recognisances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoueries, to haue his fine pate full of fine durr, will vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases & doubles then the length and breadth of a payre of Indentures? The very conueyances of his Lands will scarcely lye in this box, & must th'inheritor himselfe haue no more, ha.

Hora. Not a iot more my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchment made of sheepe-skinnes?

Hora,

Prince of Denmarke.

Hora. I my Lord, and of Calues-skinnes to.

Ham. They are Sheepe and Calues which seeke out assurance in that, I wil speak to this fellow. Whose graue's this sirra?

Clow. Mine sir, or a pit of clay for to be made.

Ham. I thinke it be thine indeede, for thou lyest in't.

Clow. You lie out ont sir, and therefore tis not yours; for my part I doe not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou doost lie in't to be in't & say it is thine, tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyest.

Clow. Tis a quicke lye sir, twill away againe from me to you.

Ham. What inan doost thou digge it for?

Clow. For no man sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clow. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clow. One that was a woman sir, but rest her soule shee's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knaue is, we must speake by the card, or equiuocation will vndoo vs. By the Lord *Horatio*, this three yeeres I haue tooke note of it, the age is growne so picked, that the toe of the peasant coms so neere the heele of the Courtier he galls his kybe. How long hast thou been Graue-maker?

Clow. Of the daye that yere I came too't that day that our last king *Hamlet* ouercame *Porenbrasse*.

Ham. How long is that since?

Clow. Cannot you tell that? euery foole can tell that, it was that very day that young *Hamlet* was borne: hee that is mad and sent into England.

Ham. I marry, why was he sent into England?

Clow. Why because a was mad: a shall recouer his wits there, or if a doo not, tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clow. Twill not be seene in him there, there the men are as mad.

Ham. How came he mad? (as hee.

Clow. Very strangely they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Clow. Fayth eene with loosing his wits.

Ham. Vpon what ground?

Clow. Why heere in Denmarke: I haue been Sexten heere man and boy thirty yeeres.

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. How long will a man lie i'th earth ere he rot?

Clow. Fayth if a be not rotten before a die, as we haue many poc-
kie corles, that will scarce hold the laying in, a will last you som eyght
ycere, or nine ycere. A Tanner will last you nine ycere.

Ham. Why he more then another?

Clow. Why sir, his hide is so tand with his trade, that a will keepe
out water a great while; & your water is a fore decayer of your whor-
son dead body, heer's a scull now hath lyen you i'th earth 23. yceers.

Ham. Whose was it?

Clow. A whorson mad fellowes it was, whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay I know not.

Clow. A pestilence on him for a madde rogue, a poured a flagon of
Renish on my head once; this same skull sir, was sir *Yoricks* skull, the
Kings Iester.

Ham. This?

Clow. Een that.

Ham. Alas poore *Yoricke*, I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite
iest, of most excellent fancie, hee hath bore me on his backe a thou-
sand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is: my gorge
rises at it. Heere hung those lypes that I haue kist I know not howe
oft, where be your gibes now? your gamboles, your songs, your fla-
shes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roare, not one
now to mocke your owne grinning, quite chopfalne. Now get you
to my Ladies table, & tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this fa-
uour she must come, make her laugh at that.

Prethee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

Hora. What's that my Lord?

Ham. Doost thou thinke *Alexander* lookt a this fashion i'th earth?

Hora. Een so.

Ham. And smelt so pah.

Hora. Een so my Lord.

Ham. To what base vses wee may returne *Horatio*? Why may not
imagination trace the noble dust of *Alexander*, till a find it stopping
a bung-hole?

Hor. I were to consider too curiously to consider so.

Ham. No faith, not a iot, but to follow him thether with modestly
enough, and likelyhood to leade it. *Alexander* dyed, *Alexander* was
buried, *Alexander* returneth to dust, the dust is earth, of earth vvec
make Lome, & why of that Lome whereto he was conuerted, might
they

Prince of Denmarke.

they not stoppe a Beare-barrell?
Imperious *Cesar* dead, and turn'd to Clay,
Might stoppe a hole, to keepe the wind away.
O that that earth which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall t'expell the waters flaw.
But soft, but soft awhile, here comes the King,
The Queene, the Courtiers, who is this they follow?
And with such maimed rites? this doth betoken,
The corse they follow, did with desprat hand
Foredoo it owne life, twas of some estate,
Couch we a while and marke.

Enter K. Q.
Laertes and
the corse.

Laer. What Ceremonie els?

Ham. That is *Laertes* a very noble youth, marke.

Laer. What Ceremonie els?

Doct. Her obsequies haue been as farre inlarg'd
As we haue warrantie, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great commaund ore-swayes the order,
She should in ground vn-sanctified been lodg'd
Till the last trumpet: for charitable prayers,
Flints and peebles should be throwne on her:
Yet heere she is allow'd her virgin Crants,
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and buriall.

Laer. Must there no more be doone?

Doct. No more be doone.

We should prophane the seruice of the dead,
To sing a Requiem and such rest to her
As to peace-parted soules.

Laer. Lay her i'th earth,
And from her faire and vnpolluted flesh
May Violets spring: I tell thee churlish Priest,
A ministring Angell shall my sister be
When thou lyest howling.

Ham. What, the faire *Ophelia*.

Quee. Sweets to the sweet, farewell,
I hop't thou should'st haue been my *Hamlets* wife,
I thought thy bride-bed to haue deckt sweet maide,
And not haue strew'd thy graue.

Laer. O treble woe

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Fall tenne times double on that cursed head,
Whole wicked deede thy most ingenious sence
Deprived thee of, hold off the earth a while,
Till I have caught her once more in mine armes;
Now pile your dust vpon the quicke and dead,
Till of this flat a mountaine you haue made
To retop old *Pelion*, or the skyes head
Of blew *Olympus*.

Ham. What is he whose grieve
Beares such an empheſis, whose phraſe of ſorrow
Coniures the wandring ſtarres, and makes them ſtand
Like wonder wounded hearers: this is I
Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The deuill take thy ſoule.

Ham. Thou pray'ſt not well, I prethee take thy fingers
For though I am not ſpleenatiue raſh, (from my throat,
Yet haue I in me ſomething dangerous,
Which let thy wiſedome feare; hold off thy hand,

King. Pluck them a ſunder.

Quee. *Hamlet, Hamlet.*

All. Gentlemen.

Hora. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why, I will fight with him vpon this theame
Vntill my eye-lids will no longer wagge.

Quee. O my ſonne, what theame?

Ham. I loued *Ophelia*, forty thouſand brothers
Could not with all theyr quantitie of loue
Make vp my ſumme. What wilt thou doo for her.

King. O he is mad *Laertes*.

Quee. For loue of God forbear him.

Ham. S'wounds ſhew me what th'owt doe:

Woo't weepe, woo't fight, woo't faſt, woo't teare thy ſelfe,
Woo't drinke vp Eſſill, eate a Crocadile?

Ile doo't, dooſt come heere to whine?

To out-face me with leaping in her graue,

Be buried quicke with her, and ſo will I.

And if thou prate of mountaines, let them throw

Millions of Acres on vs, till our ground

Sindging his pate againſt the burning Zone

Prince of Denmarke.

Make Ossa like a wart, nay and thou'lt mouthe,
Ile rant as well as thou.

Quee. This is meere madnesse,
And this a while the fit will worke on him,
Anon as patient as the female Doue
When that her golden cuplets are disclosed
His silence will fit drooping.

Ham. Heare you sir,
What is the reason that you vse me thus?
I lou'd you euer, but it is no matter,
Let *Hercules* himselfe doe what he may
The Cat will mew, and Dogge will haue his day. *Exit Hamlet*

King. I pray thee good *Horatio* waite vpon him. *and Horatio.*
Strengthen your patience in our last nights speech,
Weele put the matter to the present push:
Good *Gertrard* set some watch ouer your sonne,
This graue shall haue a liuing monument,
An houre of quiet thereby shall we see
Tell then in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this sir, now shall you see the other,
You doe remember all the circumstance.

Hra. Remember it my Lord.

Ham. Sir in my hart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me sleepe, my thought I lay
Worse then the mutines in the bilbo, rashly,
And prayd be rashnes for it: let vs knowe,
Our indiscretion sometime serues vs well
When our deepe plots doe fall, & that should learne vs
Ther's a diuinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.

Hra. That is most certaine.

Ham. Vpfrom my Cabin,
My sea-gowne scarft about me in the darke
Gropt I to find out them, had my desire,
Fingard their packet, and in fine with-drew
To mine owne roome againe, making so bold

N.

My

The Tragedie of Hamlet

My feares forgetting manners to vnfold
Their graund commiffion ; where I found *Horatio*
A royall knauery, an exact command
Larded with many feuerall sorts of reasons,
Importing Denmarkes health, and *Englands* to,
With hoe such bugges and goblins in my life,
That on the superuife no leasure bated,
No not to stay the grinding of the Axe,
My head should be strooke off.

Hora. I't possible ?

Ham. Heeres the commiffion, read it at more leasure,
But wilt thou heare now how I did proceed.

Hora. I befeech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villaines,
Or I could make a prologue to my braines,
They had begunne the play, I fat me downe,
Deuifd a new commiffion, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our ftatifts doe,
A basenefle to write faire, and labourd much
How to forget that learning, but fir now
It did me yemans feruice, wilt thou know
Th'effect of what I wrote ?

Hora. I good my Lord.

Ham. An earnest coniuration from the King,
As *England* was his faithfull tributary,
As loue betweene them like the palme might floriffh,
As peace should ftill her wheaten garland weare
And ftand a Comma tweene their amities,
And many fuch like, as fir of great charge,
That on the view, and knowing of thefe contents,
Without debatement further more or leffe,
He should thofe bearers put to fuddaine death,
Not fhriuing time a'low'd.

Hora. How was this feald ?

Ham. Why even in that was heauen ordinant,
I had my fathers fignet in my purfe
Which was the modill of that Danish feale,
Folded the writ vp in the forme of th'other,
Subscribe it, gau't th'impreflion, plac'd it fafely,

Prince of Denmarke.

The changling neuer knowne : now the next day
Was our Sea fight, and what to this was sequent
Thou knowest already.

Hora. So *Guyldensterne* and *Rosencraus* goe too't.

Ham. They are not neere my conscience, their defeat
Dooes by their owne insinuation growe,
Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Betweene the passe and fell incenced points
Of mighty opposits.

Hora. Why what a King is this !

Ham. Dooes it not thinke thee stand me now vppon?
He that hath kild my King, and whor'd my mother,
Pop't in betweene th'election and my hopes,
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with such cunnage, i't not perfect conscience?

Enter a Courtier.

Cour. Your Lordship is right welcome backe to Denmarke.

Ham. I humble thanke you sir.

Doo'st know this water fly?

Hora. No my good Lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious, for tis a vice to know him,
He hath much land and fertill : let a beast be Lord of beasts, and his
crib shall stand at the Kings messe, tis a chough, but as I say, spaci-
ous in the possession of durt.

Cour. Sweete Lord, if your Lordshippe were at leasure, I should
impart a thing to you from his Maiestie.

Ham. I will receaue it sir withall dilligence of spirit, your bonnet
to his right vse, tis for the head.

Cour. I thanke your Lordship, it is very hot.

Ham. No belieue me, tis very cold, the wind is Northerly.

Cour. It is indifferant cold my Lord indeed.

Ham. But yet methinkes it is very fully and hot, or my complec-
tion.

Cour. Exceedingly my Lord, it is very soultery, as t'were I can-
not tell how : my Lord his Maiestie bad me signifie to you, that a
has layed a great wager on your head, sir this is the matter.

Ham. I beseech you remember.

Cour. Nay good my Lord for my ease in good faith, sir here is newly
com to Court *Laertes*, belieue me an absolute gentlemen, ful of most

The Tragedie of Hamlet

excellent differences, of very soft society, and great showing: indeede to speake sellingly of him, hee is the card or kalender of gentry: for you shall find in him the continent of what part a Gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you, though I know to deuide him inuentorially, would dazzie th'arithmaticke of memory, and yet but raw neither, in respect of his quick faile, but in the veritie of extolment, I take him to be a soule of great article, & his infusion of such dearth and rarenesse, as to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirrour, & who els would trace him, his vmbrage, nothing more.

Cour. Your Lordship speakes most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy sir, why doe we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Cour. Sir.

Hora. Ist not possible to vnderstand in another tongue, you will doo't sir really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman.

Cour. Of *Laertes*.

Hora. His purse is empty already, all's golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him sir.

Cour. I know you are not ignorant.

Ham. I would you did sir, yet in faith if you did, it would not much approoue me, well sir.

Cour. You are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is.

Ham. I dare not confesse that, least I should compare with him in excellence, but to know a man wel, were to knowe himselfe.

Cour. I meane sir for this weapon, but in the imputation laide on him, by them in his meed, hee's vnfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Cour. Rapier and Dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons, but well.

Cour. The King sir hath wagerd with him six Barbary horses, againgst the which hee has impaund as I take it six French Rapiers and Poynards, with their assignes, as girdle, hanger and so. Three of the carriages in faith, are very deare to fancy, very reponsiue to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hora. I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had done.

Prince of Denmarke.

done.

Cour. The carriage fir are the hangers.

Ham. The phraſe would bee more Ierman to the matter if wee could carry a cannon by our ſides, I would it be might hangers till then, but on, ſix Barbry horſes againſt ſix French ſwords their aſſignes, and three liberall conceited carriages, that's the French bet againſt the Daniſh, why is this all you call it?

Cour. The King ſir, hath layd ſir, that in a dozen paſſes betweene your ſelfe and him, hee ſhall not excede you three hits, hee hath layd on twelue for nine, and it would come to immediate triall, if your Lordſhippe would vouchſafe the anſwere.

Ham. How if I anſwere no?

Cour. I meane my Lord the oppoſition of your perſon in triall.

Ham. Sir I will walke heere in the hall, if it pleaſe his Maieſtie, it is the breathing time of day with me, let the foiles be brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpoſe; I will winne for him and I can, if not, I will gaine nothing but my ſhame, and the odde hits.

Cour. Shall I deliuer you ſo?

Ham. To this effect ſir, after what flouriſh your nature will.

Cour. I commend my duty to your Lordſhippe.

Ham. Yours doo's well to commend it himſelfe, there are no tongues els for's turne.

Hora. This Lapwing runnes away with the ſhell on his head.

Ham. A did ſo ſir with his dugg before a ſuckt it, thus has he and many more of the ſame breede that I know the droſſy age dotes on, only got the tune of the time, and out of an habit of incounter, a kind of hiſty colection, which carries them through and through the moſt prophane and trennowed opinions, and doe but blowe them to their triall, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My Lord, his Maieſtie commended him to you by young *Oſtricke*, who brings backe to him that you attend him in the hall, he ſends to know if your pleaſure hold to play with *Laertes*, or that you will take longer time?

Ham. I am conſtant to my purpoſes, they followe the Kings pleaſure, if his ſignes ſpeakes, mine is ready: now or whenſoeuer, provided I be ſo able as now.

The Tragedie' of Hamlet

Lord. The King, and Queene, and all are comming downe.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queene desires you to vse some gentle entertainment to *Laertes*, before you fall to play.

Ham. Shee well instructs me.

Hora. You will loose my Lord.

Ham. I doe not thinke so, since he went into France, I haue bene in continuall practise, I shall winne at the ods; thou would'st not thinke how ill all's heere about my hart, but it is no matter.

Hora. Nay good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery, but it is such a kinde of gamgiuing, as would perhapes trouble a woman.

Hora. If your minde dislike any thing, obay it. I will forstal their repaire hether, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defie augury, there is speciall prouidence in the fall of a Sparrowe, if it be, tis not to come, if it be not to come, it will be now, if it be not now, yet it well come, the readines is all, since no man of ought he leaues, knowes what ist to leaue betimes, let be.

*A table prepar'd, Trumpets, Drums and officers with Cushions,
King, Queene, and all the state, Foiles, daggers,
and Laertes.*

King. Come *Hamlet*, come and take this hand from me.

Ham. Giue me your pardon sir, I haue done you wrong,
But pardon't as you are a gentleman, this presence knowes,
And you must needs haue heard, how I am punnisht
With a sore distraction, what I haue done
That might your nature, honor, and exception
Roughly awake, I heare proclame was madnesse,
Wast *Hamlet* wronged *Laertes*? neuer *Hamlet*.
If *Hamlet* from himse be tane away,
And when hee's not himse, dooes wrong *Laertes*,
Then *Hamlet* dooes it not, *Hamlet* denies it,
Who dooes it then? his madnesse. Ift be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged,
His madnesse is poore *Hamlets* enemie,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd euill,
Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts
That I haue shot my arrowe ore the house

Prince of Denmarke.

And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motiue in this case should stirre me most
To my reuendge, but in my tearmes of honor
I stand a loofe, and will no reconcilment,
Till by some elder Maisters of knowne honor
I haue a voyce and president of peace
To my name vngord : but all that time
I doe receaue your offerd loue, like loue,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely, and will this brothers wager
franckly play.

Giue vs the foiles.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. Ile be your foile *Laertes*, in mine ignorance:
Your skill shall like a starre i'th darkeſt night
Stick fiery of indeed.

Laer. You mocke me ſir.

Ham. No by this hand.

King. Giue them the foiles young *Oſtricke*, coſin *Hamlet*,
You knowe the wager.

Ham. Very well my Lord.

Your grace has layed the ods a'th wecker ſide.

King. I doe not feare it, I haue ſeene you both,
But ſince he is better, we haue therefore ods.

Laer. This is to heauy : let me ſee another.

Ham. This likes me well, theſe foiles haue all a length.

Oſtr. I my good Lord.

King. Set me the ſtoopes of wine vpon that table,
If *Hamlet* giue the firſt or ſecond hit,
Or quit in anſwere of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire.
The King ſhall drinke to *Hamlets* better breath,
And in the cup an Onixe ſhall he throwe,
Richer then that which ſoure ſucceſſiue Kings
In Denmarkeſ Crowne haue worne : giue me the cups,
And let the kettle to the trumpet ſpeake,
The trumpet to the Cannoneere without,
The Cannons to the heauens, the heauen to earth,

Now

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Now the King drinke to Hamlet, come beginne.
And you the Iudges beare a wary eye.

*Trumpets
the while.*

Ham. Come on sir.

Laer. Come my Lord.

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Iudgement.

Ostrick. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Drum, trumpets and shot.

Laer. Well, againe.

Florish, a peece goes off.

King. Stay, giue me drinke, Hamlet this pearle is thine.
Heeres to thy health : giue him the cup.

Ham. Ile play this bout first, set it by a while
Come, another hit. What say you ?

Laer. I doe confest.

King. Our sonne shall winne.

Quee. Hee's fat and scant of breath.

Heere Hamlet take my napkin rub thy browes,
The Queene carowles to thy fortune Hamlet.

Ham. Good Madam.

King. Gertrard doe not drinke.

Quee. I will my Lord, I pray you pardon me.

King. It is the poysoned cup, it is too late.

Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam, by and by.

Quee. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My Lord, Ile hit him now.

King. I doe not think'r.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience.

Ham. Come for the third Laertes, you doe but dally.
I pray you passe with your best violence
I am sure you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so, come on.

Ostr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Haue at you now.

King. Part them, they are incenst.

Ham. Nay come againe.

Ostr. Look to the Queene there howe.

Hora. They bleed on both sides, how is it my Lord ?

Ostr. How ist Laertes ?

Laer. Why as a woodcock to mine owne sprindge Ostrick,

Prince of Denmarke.

I am iustly kild with mine owne treachery.

Ham. How dooes the Queene?

King. Shee sounds to see them bleed.

Quee. No, no, the drinke, the drinke, ô my deare *Hamlet*,
The drinke the drinke, I am poyfined.

Ham. O villanie, how let the doore be lock't,
Treachery, seeke it out.

Laer. It is heere *Hamlet*, thou art flaine,
No medcin in the world can doe thee good,
In thee there is not halfe an houres life,
The treacherous instrument is in my hand
Vnbated and enuenom'd, the foule practise
Hath turn'd it selfe on me, loe heere I lie
Neuer to rise againe, thy mother's poyfined,
I can no more, the King, the Kings too blame.

Ham. The point inuenom'd to, then venome to thy worke.

All. Treason, treason.

King. O yet defend me friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Heare thou incestious damned Dane,
Drinke of this potion, is the Onixe heere?
Follow my mother.

Laer. He is iustly serued, it is a poyson temperd by himselfe,
Exchange forgiuenesse with me noble *Hamlet*,
Mine and my fathers death come not vppon thee,
Nor thine on me.

Ham. Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee;
I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queene adiew.
You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes, or audience to this act,
Had I but time, as this fell sergeant Death
Is strict in his arrest, ô I could tell you,
But let it be; *Horatio* I am dead,
Thou liuest, report me and my cause a right
To the vnsatisfied.

Hora. Neuer believe it;
I am more an anticke Romaine then a Dane,
Heere's yet some liquer left.

Ham. As th'art a man
Giue me the cup, let goe, by heauen Ile hate,

O.

O.

The Tragedie of Hamlet.

O god *Horatio*, what a wounded name
Things standing thus vnknowne, shall I leaue behind me?
If thou did'st euer hold me in thy hart,
Absent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harsh world drawe thy breath in paine
To tell my story : what warlike noise is this?

*A march a
farre off.*

Enter Osrick.

Os. Young *Fortenbrasse* with conquest come from Poland,
To th'embassadors of *England* giues this warlike volly.

Ham. O I die *Horatio*,
The potent poyson quite ore-crowes my spirit,
I cannot liue to heare the newes from *England*,
But I doe prophecie th'ellection lights
On *Fortinbrasse*, he has my dying voyce,
So tell him, with th'occurrents more and lesse
Which haue solicited, the rest is silence.

Hora. Now cracks a noble hart, good night sweete Prince,
And flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest.
Why dooes the drum come hether?

Enter Fortenbrasse, with the Embassadors.

For. Where is this sight?

Hora. What is it you would see?
Ifought of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

For. This quarry cries on hauock, ô prou'd death
What feast is toward in thine eternall cell,
That thou so many Princes at a shot
So bloudily hast strook?

Embas. The sight is dismall
And our affaires from *England* come too late,
The cares are sencelesse that should giue vs hearing,
To tell him his commandment is fulfild,
That *Roscencraus* and *Guyldensterne* are dead,
Where should we haue our thanks?

Hora. Not from his mouth
Had it th'ability of life to thanke you;
He neuer gaue commandement for their death;
But since to iump vpon this bloody question

You

